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MY FIRST VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Is it not a little funny
That through all the years I've been
Getting fat and getting money,
Getting wise and learning men—
That through all these years devoted
To the things for which we pine,
I have never once forgotten
My first sweet valentine?

She was but a little maiden,
With the eyes of a gazelle,
And a face the dimples played in,
And a laugh that threw its spell
Over me and all who heard it;
She was seven, I was nine,
And we made mud-pies together—
I and my first valentine.

Ah, with what refreshing candor
Did we talk about our love,
Rear our castles vaster, grander
Than the pine capped hills above!
How we peered into the future,
Helped by many a mystic sign,
Trusting to the seeds of apples,
I and my first valentine.

When the month of February
Brought the day for which I prayed,
Secretly I sent a very
Loving token to the maid:
Two blue hearts pierced by an arrow—
That was part of the design—
With a yellow Cupid shooting
Straight at my first valentine.

Ah, what wings of love I lent it,
That first mission she received;
Then denied that I had sent it,
Till she told me she believed
It had come from Tommy Watkins—
Strongest rival then of mine—
Whereupon I, blushing, told her
I had sent the valentine.

Sweet confession! Was it naughty
In the little maid to know?—
Bless my stars, and that was forty,
Nor—than forty years ago!
Is she dead or is she living,
Does she ever sit and pine
For the blue-eyed, happy youngster
Who was her first valentine?

Here am I, gray-haired and portly,
With a wife a trifle stout,
With an air I think that's courtly,
And a fortune, and the gout—
Here am I, an honored father,
Sentimentalising fine
Over tissue-paper Cupids
Sent to my first valentine!

Gracious, if the world should know it!
Yet the memory of those days
Stirs within me what a poet
Might embody in his lays—
Comes the fragrance of the meadows,
Comes the blood that thrills like wine,
Comes the wonderland of childhood
Back with my first valentine!

Yes, it is a little funny,
That through all I have contrived,
Somehow, to preserve the honey
Which young love for me once hived;
And I find its flavor pleasant,
As I sit and sip my wine,
Dreaming still of paper Cupids
And of my first valentine.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER, BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE.

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CHAPTER I.—THE MESSENGER FROM ABROAD.

At the beginning of the year five in the French Republic it had been a long time since there had been a New-Year festival in Paris. The Republican calendar-maker had not given way to such puerility, and the Government had suppressed all the New-Year's gifts at the same time that it had suppressed royalty. Assuredly, if the little citizens—the boys and girls of the period—had been consulted, this reform in the almanac would have been ejected, and they would have continued through the very height of the Reign of Terror to interchange gifts and the courtesies of the season on the advent of the New Year; but women and children had no weight in a society which prided itself on imitating the morals of Sparta. They were obliged to resign themselves to the circumstances, and since 1792 the gifts, the visits, the sending even of the compliments of the season, had been proscribed. Happily, however, a law which had against it all the mothers and the children of France could not long survive the regime which had promulgated it, and the first day of the year 1797 saw the restoration of the New-Year festival among the children. To the Government of the Convention had succeeded that of the Directory, and France was beginning its passage through days so dark that it had need indeed of diversion. So this New-Year's day, which by chance fell on a Sunday, was in Paris a day of general joy. Everybody was embracing every other body, and making presents indiscriminately, with the same ardor that they manifested at that time in denouncing and imprisoning one another.

The Palais Royal, which was then called the Palace of Equality, was decorated for the occasion, and towards evening blazed with light throughout the arcades of its galleries, which were encumbered with promenaders. With their backs to the show-window of a jewelry store which was situated near to the Cafe Veloni—the lucky rival of the Cafe de Foy—two men were conversing in subdued tones, and seemed to pay very little attention to the merry bustle going on about them. They cared as little, apparently, for the baubles displayed in the jeweler's window, for one could easily judge from their looks that they had not come there to choose any gifts.

One of these men, the elder of the two, was clad in a square-cut coat with large metal buttons, flowing sleeves and collar. His breeches were broad and hung in large folds, his boots came up above the knee, and his hat was of the period—with the brim turned up till the head-gear assumed a gondola shape. He was of medium height, but broad-shouldered, and afflicted with a tendency to stoutness. On his already prominent stomach hung a bunch of charms at the end of a fob-chain, with which he played nervously with one hand, while with the other he leaned on a stout knotted cane or club, which they called, in the expressive language of the time, "an executive power." This person had at the first glance, as regarded his attire, the appearance of a highly respectable capitalist or a lucky speculator in comestibles; and at first his physiognomy would seem to be in accord with his financial characteristics of late date, for he had the ruddy tint of a *bon vivant*, and yet a clear and determined glance of the eye; but examining closer the brow set with deep wrinkles, and the mouth, the corners of which often contracted and never opened to smile, one might guess that this mask concealed deeper designs and thoughts more profound than the speculations of the Bourse.

The man who conversed with this person did not resemble him in the slightest degree. Small, lean and lank in figure, which conveyed the idea in some way or other of keenness and effrontery, he was meanly clad, the only characteristic part of his costume being a large cap of foxskin. This jailor-like headpiece, which was drawn down to his eyes, grotesquely crowned his pointed head and long, cadaverous, knife-like face. No one remarked him particularly, however, for, in the midst of the strange costumes which passed along the streets, this *bizarre* accoutrement seemed quite simple. The two men, therefore, could exchange, unobserved and in security, what phrases their special business might suggest.

"A louis, gold, is now fifteen hundred livres," said the man with foxskin cap. "I saw it on a card attached to a pie in a pastryman's window a moment ago. A strange custom that, to make the quotations of the currency come out of the oven."

"Before a month I hope it will be twenty-five thousand livres," grumbled the man with the stick.

"Faith, Citizen Liardot, that would not astonish me, especially if we receive good news from England; but they don't come quickly."

"Ten minutes of nine, Cabasson," said Citizen Liardot, drawing from his pocket one of the two watches which he carried. "The rendezvous is at nine o'clock precisely. There is no time to lose now."

"No matter," said he who had been called Cabasson; "I am not yet tranquil. The Palace of Equality is full of Barras' spies; and if the envoy of your London correspondents does not take his precautions well, he may get himself nabbed, and us along with him."

"He is recommended to me as one of the most skillful of all our foreign agents; and, besides, it will give him a lesson. While we are waiting for him, you may as well take a tour and see how things are going."

"Up, up all the time, I'll wager my cap. I'll take a little turn on this side now, and will tell you when I return what the assignats are doing."

"Good! Only if, on your return, you see me in close conversation with anyone, walk off straight to the house, and don't sleep this night."

"I understand, Captain. We will do our duty conscientiously; but be prudent.

After having whispered this warning into the ear of his master, Cabasson glided into the crowd with the suppleness of the animal whose pelt served as his head-gear, and disappeared. Hardly had he gone, when a young man coming from the opposite direction paused before the Cafe Valloni and began to scrutinize through the windows the crowds of customers within, who were enjoying their Neapolitan ices and almond biscuits.

As interesting as was this spectacle, it did not absorb the attention of the newcomer sufficiently to prevent him casting several quick, furtive glances at the sturdy man with the stick, who still remained planted a few paces in front of the jeweler's brilliant shop. On his side, Citizen Liardot did not fail to observe minutely this unknown, who, indeed, was quite worthy of the trouble of being looked at, for he might be selected from the mass of promenaders for his superior look and figure. Tall, lithe, shapely and muscular, he had learned the secret of being elegant and graceful in the ridiculous costume of the *incroyable* of the period. It is true, however, that he had introduced happy modifications in it. Thus, his muslin cravat, instead of entirely concealing his chin, according to the fashion of the day, left his plump neck visible; his boots, tighter-fitting than custom admitted, showed the outlines of his shapely limbs; and finally, his bottle-green coat, tightly buttoned over his breast, displayed to peculiar advantage his slender figure, instead of being modeled, as was the style then, on the shape of an empty sack. Although he had a brown skin, his face had a gay, juvenile expression that did not belie his great and brilliant black eyes. Judging from nothing but his decided step and a certain fashion of turning his head and the smiling display of his white teeth, any damsel of the period would have decided him a beau cavalier—one who might be invincible in affairs of the heart without being aware of his own powers.

Citizen Liardot was not, doubtless, satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, for he wrinkled his brows and drew back a step or two. He was preparing to move off without attracting attention by any brasque movement, when the young man came straight towards him, carrying his hand politely to his hat. Liardot stopped short and waited firmly his coming, but not without secretly drawing his stick up in his hand and taking a nervous, short grip of it.

"Sir," said the unknown daintily.

"What can I do for you, citizen?" said the man with the cane, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Sir," said the young man imperturbably, "can you tell me *what is the half of thirty-four?*"

At this question, which one might take for a poor joke if he was not initiated in its secret meaning, Liardot replied without hesitation:

"Seventeen."

"Now, sir, what do you think of this toy?" continued the young man, drawing from his pocket an object which he held up in the gaslight.

The shadow *silhouette* of two royal figures—Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette—immediately took form on the wall near them.

"Enough!" said Liardot quickly. "This imprudence is useless."

"But we must thoroughly recognize each other," replied the unknown calmly.

"True; but that is done now. I have come to the place appointed. You have arrived at the exact time. We have nothing more to say to each other here. We are waited for elsewhere. Come."

"I am under your guidance, sir; but I suppose the interview to-night will not be long, and I wish before going to make a little acquisition in this jeweler's."

"What! In this jeweler's? What folly is this?"

"Oh, pardon, my dear accomplice—we both serve the same cause, but that is no reason that you should oblige me to neglect my affairs of the heart. I arrived in Paris after all sorts of perilous adventures, which I will relate to you in detail hereafter. I expect to find here a charming woman whom I adore, who adores me likewise, and whom I have not seen for five years. This is the New Year, and my visit to the Palais Royal may be made of service in the purchase of a few gifts for her."

And, without waiting for the reply of Citizen Liardot, the young man entered the shop.

"Pest on the gallant!" grumbled the grave personage. "What fools they send us now! It almost appears that our friends on the other side of the Channel have lost their heads."

While he was delivering himself of this monologue, the stranger was examining (without showing any signs of haste) a number of articles which the jeweler had spread out before him, and, finally making his choice, paid munificently without asking an abatement of the price.

"Come, sir, are you ready at last to follow me?" said Liardot to him when he had once more set foot in the gallery.

"Perfectly ready," said the young man gayly, "and you may lead me to the end of the world, if that will be agreeable to you; only, do me the pleasure of looking at this ring, and telling me if you ever saw anything more beautiful."

"It's charming; but let us go, if you please. The place where our friends meet is a good long distance from here, and ——"

"Bah! I have stout legs. Look at this mounting in pearls, and this circle of filagree with a motto in enamel! It is splendid!"

"Pray, sir, let's get out of the palace, or I'll leave you to get yourself out as best you can, and we will see what the Committee of London will say when I give my account of your conduct."

"Drop your threats, sir," said the stranger, suddenly changing his tone. "I know I have a mission to fulfill, and there is no need for you to recall me to my duty. Lead the way; I will follow."

Liardot took him at his word, and moved rapidly towards the obscure passage which opened beside the Montansier Theatre, and which led to the former Rue de Richelieu, which had become since the Revolution the Rue de la Loi. Citizen Cabasson had not reappeared, and his master, before leaving the place, sought vainly in the crowd for the famous cap of foxskin.

"Where are we going?" asked the young man as they came out on the Rue de la Loi.

"All along the Chaussee d'Antin," replied Liardot laconically.

"The devil! You were right when you said the road was long. To while the time, I think it best that we reciprocally explain our personality. We are destined to work together, and it seems to me good that we should know each other a little."

"They should have told you all about me in London."

"They described you incompletely, I assure you. They told me that I would meet you on the first of January, at nine o'clock in the evening, before the Cafe Veloni. They gave me the password and the sign of recognition. I know no more."

"Well, and I haven't much more to tell you. I am called Liardot. I was, before 1789, steward to the Duke de Chalus. That I have not followed him into exile is because I believed I could be more useful to our cause by remaining in Paris."

"Very good. Now, in my turn, sir, let me introduce myself. I am the Baron Aymerie of Candeil. I was twenty years of age when my father was massacred at L'Abbage, in September of 1792. I succeeded in emigrating, and, I promise you, since then I have not wasted my time. Not a shot has been fired on the frontier that I have not taken my part in it. I was at Toulon, at Quiberon ——"

"With the English! Alas!"

"Of course. Have you any stray scruples as to the legitimacy of the support our good neighbors give to our cause?"

"I wish for its success as ardently as you do, but I have a horror of the interference of foreigners."

This simple and grave speech probably impressed the Baron Candeil deeply, for he remained silent for a minute—something unusual with him. The two companions walked side by side on the rough pavement of the Rue de la Loi up to the building of the Public Library, which the Revolution had not changed in the least. The streets hereabout, notwithstanding it was the time of the New-Year festival, were almost deserted, and the rare passers-by that they met appeared in a great hurry to get to their homes.

"Our party is now numerous enough," resumed Liardot, "to attempt a raising of Paris with every chance of success."

"Very good, comrade. Let us get rid of Barras and his force of spies. That is all I ask. The gold of perfidious Albion will come into use there, for I am commanded to transmit to our grandmaster a good round sum in gold guineas and banknotes; but after all they will be French arms that the money will set in motion."

"But there is something else, sir. Now about your journey. Are you sure you haven't been tracked? The spies are plenty on the coast."

"Yes; but I am more shrewd than they. I came ashore on a night when the most daring smuggler would not have dared put his nose out of doors."

"At the usual place, I suppose?"

"Of course—near Treport; and I found when I had climbed up the cliff a brave boy who got me a peddler's costume. I looked very ugly in the clothes, but they served well in putting the municipal authorities off the track. If you'll believe me, at Forges, a little town between Neufchatel and Rouen, I sold needles and thread to the wife of the commissionaire of the district. It would be useless to tell you how I progressed step by step, fulfilling my mission by day and sleeping by night in the farmhouses of friends of our cause, whose names and localities were given me."

"Oh, yes; the system is perfectly understood among us; but where did you stop to change your clothes before you entered Paris?"

"Oh, my last night before arriving here I made a detour. I was entertained in the ruins of the chateau of Choisy-le-Roi by an old keeper who was formerly in the service of my father, and who, having become a dealer in wood, tranquilly drew his stock in trade from the park of his late majesty Louis the Fifteenth."

"That was an imprudence!" exclaimed Liardot; "and permit me to say, sir, that you should not have departed from the path they marked out for you."

"Bah! Ramee sells wood to the Republicans, it is true, but he has remained a good Royalist, and would go through fire for me. Besides, he expected me, for I had written to him from London."

"That's another fault on your part, sir. The Directory is determined to suppress the Black Cabinet, and with this view letters are often unsealed before they reach their destination."

"But they don't know my writing, and they can't find out anything from Ramee, who is a well-known citizen of his section. Without him, or rather without his daughter, little Laurette, who was my playmate when I was ten years old, I would certainly never have been able to have equipped myself properly to make my entry into Paris."

"Pardon, sir; you would have found clothes at the farm of Brobigny, near Bourget—the last stopping-place."

"But not a fine gentleman's clothes, while Laurette selected a suit for me with exquisite taste. I beg you to believe, sir, that I will fight well in my dainty coat."

"I do not doubt it; but as to your black collar ——"

"Ah, ha! You notice that? Isn't it a good idea to wear in this way the rallying sign of our association—the 'black band'—do you see?—the talisman that would open the inner circle to me? Ha! ha! This black collar is a white cockade to us."

"True; but it is the height of imprudence to wear it in the street. I would take it off if I were in your place."

"What! Would you have me take off my coat?"

"Of course not. The collar should be removable—to be taken off and put on at will. It is thus they are worn by the members of our club at Clichy?"

"Indeed? Well, I can't compliment them on the custom. It resembles too much the chameleon's changes of color for me to follow it. My collar sticks to my shoulders, and I will not take it off for the three crowns of Great Britain."

"Heaven grant that no evil befall us on the way, then," sighed Liardot; "we are in a section where the arrests are frequent."

They were just passing before the Hotel Talarn, which the Terror had made a prison, and in a measure, as they approached the boulevard, the travel and the noise increased. Soon they came to an establishment which was then all the rage—that of the confectioner Garchy.

Nine o'clock, and the half hour had sounded, and the theatres were beginning to close. This was the time at which all of elegant Paris under the Directory crowded into this gaudy saloon to enjoy iced peaches and orange ices. Twenty coaches already blocked the street before the door of the lucky Neapolitan, and a curious crowd made a semicircle before the window of the store.

"Pest! What luxury!" cried the Baron.

"Come, sir, come, I beg of you; we are not out of danger of arrest yet," whispered Liardot, pulling his companion by the sleeve.

"Bah! Only a moment—only the time to examine that magnificent lace robe on the Turkish girl on the divan! By Jove! She has bands of gold on her bare ankles and iron rings on her toes."

"Oh, yes, yes, it is very curious, no doubt; but if we delay here we run the risk of never arriving at our destination."

"How is that?"

"Because the owner of this cafe is marked as a Royalist, and the approaches to his store are under surveillance by the authorities."

"A Royalist, is he? The brave old man! Deuce take me, but you tempt me to go in and shake hands with him."

"You are mad!" cried Liardot, seeing that the young man made a movement as if to enter the grand hall, surrounded with Venetian glass and lighted with superb lamps of rock crystal.

"Be calm. I am with you," said Candeil, who found some difficulty in tearing himself away from the enchanting scene.

"I fear it is too late already," whispered his mentor, noticing a number of menacing groups forming behind them.

The Baron faced about, and discovered that he was almost surrounded by a number of strangers of forbidding looks. He attempted to use his shoulders to clear the way, but he was met by a compact crowd, and was repulsed.

"I warned you, but you would have it," whispered the wise Liardot in his ear.

"Well, what is all this about?"

"Don't you see that we have fallen in the midst of a band of cut-throats, of terrorists, who hate Garchy and his opinions and his customers. There's going to be trouble here—let's draw out of it."

"Not without defending the ladies, sir. What! Can I go and leave the pretty Royalist dames in there to be insulted by such ruffians as these?"

Candeil was still speaking, when a violent push separated him and his companion and almost threw him off his feet. There was a grand rush forward of a crowd of men in red caps, and, although he resisted desperately, he was carried in spite of himself into the brilliant hall.

CHAPTER II.—A DEED OF HEROISM.

The invaders had sabres concealed under their long coats, and drew them forth with loud vociferations:

"Down with the Royalists! Death to the black collars!"

This invasion and these cries occasioned a confusion in the cafe that may easily be imagined. The fine ladies in Grecian or vestal robes arose precipitately, and took refuge in the arms of their cavaliers. This did not seem, indeed, an inclosure offering much protection, for the male part of the assemblage seemed composed mainly of that portion of the *jeunesse dore* that did not pride itself on the possession of physical strength.

The rogues in the red caps raged as madly, however, as if they had met with stout resistance, breaking the tables, smashing the glasses, and doing everything in their power to ruin the fortunes of the hated Garchy. The Baron viewed this general ruin with much perplexity. Coolness had returned to him as soon as the assault had commenced. He had remembered suddenly that he had a mission to fulfill, and that his imprudence might cost him dearly. The best he could do now was undoubtedly to slip out and rejoin his companion, whose predictions had been only too literally verified. Besides the fact that it was not easy to get out, he was sorely troubled by the restraint which he found it necessary to exercise over himself to keep from interfering in the cause of the oppressed customers of Garchy. He paused, wavering between conflicting emotions, and finally compromised his feelings with the determination that he would not interfere unless some of the victims should claim his protection, and otherwise to confine himself to the defensive and to take no part in the contest unless attacked.

His position in the room made this defensive policy feasible, for the surging of the crowd had carried him to a corner of the hall near the counter where a few moments before the beautiful Madame Garchy had presided. Entrenched in this angle as in a fortress, Candeil tranquilly watched the scene, but first having taken the precaution of drawing from his pocket one of his two pistols, which he held ready-primed behind his back.

The police had other work to do than to interfere with a few *sans culottes* who amused themselves by worrying the aristocrats; so the poor women, who knew how little they had to expect from this quarter, escaped the best they could, and fled to their carriages with wild screams. The men put but a little better face on the matter, the field of battle had not been disputed and the savages were permitted to make their incursion after the manner and with the impunity of a predatory band of Tartars.

A single one among the guests so rudely disturbed had not submitted patiently to the insults and threats of the mob. He had none of the political insignia of the time in his dress, however, and when the trouble began was seated between two women in Minerva tunics and jockey caps, who appeared to be of the class of airy beauty that the *jeunesse dore* delighted in. He was of medium height, slender but yet muscular in build, and from his general look might have passed for a redoubtable champion, had he not carried his right arm in a sling. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, he had attempted to make headway against the storm, and had arisen to cover with his body his two frail companions; but the table had been overthrown, he himself had been hurled against the wall, and the women had fled, shrieking, to the street.

"Scoundrels! Thieves! Cowards!" howled their powerless defender, shielding himself with his single arm.

"Death to the Chouan!" cried the red caps in chorus.

He answered in a voice that was heard above the din:

"I am not a Chouan! I am a patriot, and one who will cut your ears for you, dogs!"

At the same time his hand sought at his side an absent sword; but his gestures and insults had no other effect than to bring down upon him three or four burly fellows, who began beating him with the flat sides of their sabres, and finally one proposed to take off his head at a single blow. This the Baron thought was sufficient provocation to draw him out of his position of neutrality. Taking a step forward, he seized the young man by the arm and the collar of his coat, and with a quick, nervous movement drew him beside him in his corner near the counter.

"Remain here beside me," said he to him whom he sought to preserve; "we two will frighten off the entire crowd."

"Thanks, citizen," said the young man with the wounded arm. "Ah! if I were not wounded!"

The conversation could not be long, for the mob, furious at this slight resistance which it had here met for the first time, rushed upon the two young men who dared defend themselves. The defiant attitude of the Baron, however, abashed the foremost of the crowd at the first onset.

GRACE COURTLAND, ACTRESS.

"Stand back! Make room here!" cried he; "I don't like to be crowded too much."

The band hesitated, and Candeil seized on the moment to attempt a sortie.

"Come, gentlemen," said he, advancing, "a little room—make way for me and my friend to get out in the open air. I'm suffocating in this place—on my honor."

But these words were spoken with the dainty, aristocratic delicacy of pronunciation that was least likely to please the "Red Caps."

"There are no gentlemen here," vociferated a great, rough fellow of herculean form, "and your word of honor isn't worth an assignat of ten *sous*."

"Stand aside! Room for us," said the Baron, walking straight ahead with his head up and his hands behind his back, under the tails of his coat.

Unfortunately, in leaving the corner where he had been ensconced, the Baron brought out into the light a part of his costume which, up to that time, had escaped the scrutiny of the assailants. The black collar, relieved so boldly against the lighter green of the coat to which it was attached, made it impossible that it could escape observation. The sight of this well-known mark of political sentiment at once changed the disposition of the crowd.

"He's one of them!"

"He comes from the club at Clichy."

These exclamations burst out simultaneously, and the sabres were raised again.

"What is it now?" asked Candeil haughtily. "Is it the color of my collar displeases you? Ah! I understand. You would prefer it red—blood-red, eh?"

"Come, none of your jokes, "cried the orator of the band. "If you wish us to let you go out, unhook your collar and throw it on the floor."

"My collar does not unhook; it is sewed to my coat," said the Baron.

"Then take off your coat."

"No; I have a dread of taking cold."

"Do you want me to help you?" howled the big ruffian, who seemed to be the leader of the others.

"I thank you, sir," said Candeil with an affected mildness; "but let me warn you that, if by any chance you happen to lay the weight of one of your dirty fingers on me, I will kill you like a dog."

"Kill me? Come, now, I'd like to see how you propose to do it."

"No matter how; but I warn you, sir, that it is forbidden, under pain of death, to lay your hand on my body or my dress."

"Hear him! His dress! Hasn't he the air of a parrot?"

"Beware of the bird's beak, then!" said the secret messenger, paling with anger.

The leader of the band had assured himself by a careful scrutiny that the Baron was not armed; then his audacity manifested itself.

"For whom are you in mourning, Chouan?" cried he, seizing the black collar and striving to tear it off the coat.

"For you, scoundrel!" cried Candeil in a voice of thunder.

At the same time, with a movement as rapid as the flash of a ray of light, he leveled the pistol he had held concealed point-blank at the head of his antagonist, and a bullet was crashing through the giant's brain. As the leader of the band fell to the floor a corpse, dismay fell upon his followers, and a rush was made for the door. The room was emptied in hot haste. The way was clear. The Baron had only to pass out into the curious crowd that encumbered the street, and by a free use of his he elbow soon made a path for himself through the gaping spectators of the scene. Once in the street, however, he had but the one thought—to put distance between himself and those whom he feared would be inclined to pursue him. Mechanically he turned towards the boulevard, which he soon reached. The tumult sounded fainter in his ears as he fled from the cafe, and finally he heard it no more, or rather the shouts of the crowd about the sacked shop of the unfortunate Garchy only came in fitful, uncertain echoes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WIVES OF WIENBERG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

In the old days, when Might was Right,
And swords instead of hearts bore sway,
The little town of Wienberg fell
In stern old Conrad's conquering way.
Her yeomanry fought long and well;
But Might, not Right, at last did win,
And sullenly the conquered gave
The keys that let the victor in.

Such valor would have won respect
From sternest foes in nowadays;
But then it only served to set
The tyrant's temper in a blaze.
"You women"—thus old Conrad spake—
"May go, and take your brats along;
No man shall leave the place alive;
Their rebel heads to me belong.

"Further, as women love their goods,
Each one may fill a roomy sack
With what she prizes; but not more
Than she can carry on her back
To-morrow get you gone!" Next day
Forth from the gates the women fled,
Each laden with a mighty sack,
Some lading here and there a child.

"Now for the men!" old Conrad cried,
And bade his headmen quick prepare;
An hour went by, the search was done,
And not a rebel head was there.
The Wienberg wives—their lives still lives—
Took with them what they loved the most,
And on their willing shoulders bore
To liberty the rebel host.

What if our wives to-day were called
To such a trying test of love?
What would they bear to liberty—
A cat, a poodle, or a dove?
I cannot tell; but much I fear—
Pardon me, wives, if I am wrong—
The headsman's dreadful work would make
The roll of lonely widows long.

OLD BOSCAWAN'S WARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY HUBERT H. DUVAR.

It was a stormy night on a bleak New England coast. The wind and rain kept driving pitilessly, and the white, hungry waves came thundering over the sand-hills and breaking in cataracts of foam upon the desolate, rocky shore. In a room of a little cottage built so close to the sea that some of the breakers, more aggressive than the rest, seemed almost to threaten to overwhelm it, old Roger Boscawan sat smoking his pipe beside the fire, that roared up the wide, old-fashioned chimney as if in defiance of the tempest of wind and rain outside.

"Bless me! Leah, do you hear the storm?"

"Yes, father."

It was a strangely beautiful face that looked up into the weather-beaten one of the old man from the shadow of the projecting angle of the fireplace, and strangely out of place it seemed among the rough surroundings of the fisherman's cabin. Large and lustrous were the eyes of Oriental, midnight darkness, white-lided and long-lashed. The forehead low but broad, around which the luxuriant hair was braided in heavy classic coils; the cheeks of a dusky carmine, and the mouth sweet and expressive and perfect in its curves and the dimples that it showed when it parted in a smile. Many people had often wondered how old Roger came to have a daughter equally unlike himself and her brother.

"I pity any craft that is out to-night," the old man went on. "I have lived on this coast for more than fifty years, man and boy, and I never saw a wilder night than this."

Leah did not answer. She had risen from her seat, and, crossing the room, was looking out of the window, seaward. She could see nothing through the pane except the driving storm and the red, lurid lamp of the lighthouse, but in the other direction could be discerned a few twinkling lights of the fishing village, and further away towards the town, among its dark clumps of evergreen, the windows of Hallam Lodge, ablaze with light. Hallam Lodge was the oldest and grandest house for miles around, and was owned by the man whose name it bore, the direct descendant of Ralph Hallam, colonel in the Parliamentary armies, who had crossed the ocean for his principles, and laid the first stone of this new dwelling-place more than two hundred years ago.

Suddenly the tramp of approaching feet was heard through the storm outside, and the next moment the door opened to admit Stephen, old Roger's son, and three other men, who carried the insensible body of a man between them. He was a fine, handsome fellow, the son of the old fisherman, but utterly unlike his sister both in feature and in complexion, having a clear, ruddy skin, though somewhat browned with exposure to the weather; honest blue eyes, and curling, chestnut hair. He might have sat to an artist for a picture of some old Norse viking's son, but a tender look came into his face and his voice assumed a softer tone as he spoke to the girl.

"It is the young gentleman that they say is going to marry Miss Edith Hallam," he said as they laid the unconscious man on the warm hearthstone before the fire. "His yacht struck on the rocks below the lighthouse, and all hands were lost but him. He has a breath of life in him yet, though, and we may pull him through. Give me some of that rum out of the closet, little sister."

She did so in silence, and then, in obedience to her brother's command, knelt down and chafed the wet, white hands of the unconscious man, while Stephen poured some of the spirits down his throat.

She could not help admiring the handsome face, so still and pallid, supported on her brother's knee. The features were regular and high-bred, with dank, black curls falling over the high, white forehead. She was thinking, too, what handsome hands they were into which she was trying to rub returning life—almost as small, and how much whiter, than her own—when a sharp knock came to the door, and a young lady, tall but stately, swept into the cabin and knelt beside the unconscious man.

"I am his cousin, and it is my right," she said sweetly yet decisively, as she took the hands, to which the warmth of life was slowly beginning to return, between her own.

Leah relinquished them at once, and shrank back to her position in the shadow of the fireplace with a feeling in her breast she had never known before. This tall, stately young lady was Miss Edith Hallam, the heiress of the lodge, and she was only Leah Boscawan, a fisherman's daughter. She could not analyze the cause that made her mind dwell so bitterly upon the fact, yet it did in spite of herself, and the knowledge of the great social gulf fixed between them filled her with a great vague regret.

In less than half an hour the young man was sufficiently revived to thank his preservers and accompany his cousin in her carriage, which waited outside, to the lodge. He thanked them all most cordially. To the three men who had assisted him he gave money, and to Stephen his card, which showed his name to be Frank Vernon, and promised to call the next day and thank them again. Both the old man and his son were taken with his manner, and spoke in praise of him and his supposed betrothed; but Leah, sitting silent in the shadow, said nothing, brooding in silence over her newly-awakened thoughts, with vague, rebellious feelings against her destiny surging in her heart.

The storm did not abate that night nor the next day. Neither did the next day bring Frank Vernon to the cottage, but he sent a message saying he was too unwell to leave the house. When night again fell the wind was still driving the heavy rain along the shore, and the fury of the sea seemed unabated. The old man and his daughter sat in their old positions beside the fire and listened to the storm without.

"Leah," the old man said, breaking the silence, "where is Stephen to-night?"

She had been busy with her own thoughts, intently gazing into the glowing coals, and she raised her face, aglow with the firelights, to his. Then, with a cry of alarm, she sprang from her seat and caught his head, which was falling forward on his bosom, in her arms.

"Father! speak to me. What is the matter?" she cried, gazing with a great dread at the set and rigid features and lips, from which all color had fled, leaving them white as ashes.

"Leah," the old man gasped, "I am dying. Quick—old Mr. Hallam at the lodge. I must see him. Tell him I sent for him, and he will come."

The gray head fell back upon the chair as he spoke. The girl, nearly frantic and knowing not what to do, kissed him in a wild, frenzied way, and then dashed out into the night and storm.

It was a long way, more than a mile, but she did not mind fatigue. She did not feel it any more than she felt the stormy sweep of rain that drenched her to the skin. Her mind had room only for one thought—that she might be too late.

She reached the house at last, and delivered the message to Mr. Hallam in person, and then her overstrained faculties gave way, and she sank in a swoon on the floor.

When she came to her senses again she was lying in a white-curtained bed in a room finer than she had ever even seen before, and, bending over her was the stately young lady who had come to her father's cottage the night before.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

"Yes," the lady answered; "he is with him now."

She would have risen at once and returned through the storm through which she had come, but the lady was kindly resolute and firm, and forced her to lie quiet and wait.

An hour passed—it seemed an eternity to Leah—when the door opened and Mr. Hallam entered, still dripping with the rain. He crossed the room to the couch and took her hand in his.

"My poor child," he said, "you cannot go home to-night—this is your home from this time forth."

She looked at him in dumb amazement.

"You are my daughter now," he said, "and you must learn to look on me as you would your father."

"And he?" she cried out, flinging up her arms with an unconscious gesture of entreaty.

"You must bear it calmly, poor child," he answered her. "He is dead."

How it chanced that she should become the adopted daughter of the wealthy Mr. Hallam was much of a mystery to Leah, even when months had passed, and the sorrow for her father beginning to wear off, she became more accustomed to her new position. Mr. Hallam was kindness personified; but from the rest of the household her quick instincts held her aloof. They were all kind to her, but an indefinable something, felt though not expressed, that she was not to the "manor born" and a sort of interloper, raised a barrier between them. As for the visitors, of whom there were many, of course this had nothing to do; but still the feeling was in her mind the same, and she became cold and reserved.

As for Frank Vernon, he became fascinated by her—so much so that it became a subject of remark. At last he proposed, and she accepted him.

She did not love him, but she liked his society, and she loved no one else, and felt proud of his talents and handsome person, as any girl would have done. She made a condition, however, that their engagement should be kept a secret until her brother Stephen, who had gone on a voyage of several months, should return.

A week afterwards Stephen came. She was almost beside herself with delight at seeing him. It would have been a revelation to anyone who only knew her as the stately, Juno-like beauty of the Lodge to see her hang about his neck and kiss him again and again through her joyful tears.

At length she told him how Frank Vernon had asked her to be his wife, and she had accepted him. The change that came over him startled her. Her face grew pale as death to the very lips, and a wild mist swept over his eyes—only for a moment, however, and then he brushed the back of his hand across his eyes and forced a smile.

"Leah," he said, in a voice that trembled in spite of all his efforts to keep it calm, "if it is for your happiness I will try to bear it. I have had dreams, when I kept my lonely watches, that some time you might love me well enough to be something nearer to me than a brother. I see what a fool I have been now—you a lady and an heiress, while I am but a poor fisherman—but let it pass; the memory of my little sister will always be the dearest thing I can have on earth."

She stood thunderstruck for a moment, almost deeming him mad.

"What do you mean?" she managed to gasp at length.

"Do you not know? Have they not told you," he cried, "that you are not my father's daughter, not my sister, but the only child of Mr. Hallam's brother, and the lawful mistress of Hallam Lodge?"

The color faded from her face, leaving it so pallid he thought she was going to faint. Then as quickly the warm blood rushed back again, suffusing her face to the very roots of her hair.

"Are you sure of this?" she asked.

"As sure as of my own life," he answered. "I heard it, when Mr. Hallam did, from father's dying lips, and saw the documents to prove his words. I know I should not have spoken to you as I did; but forget it all, Leah ——"

"It is so sudden," she interrupted him, "but I do not wish to forget them. They have lost me my brother, it is true, but they have also found me something nearer, though dearer he could never be. Stephen, look into my eyes and tell me were your dreams so very w[illegible] after all?"

Of course Mr. Hallam was very much disappointed, and Frank Vernon even more so. The one, however, found consolation in being allowed to retain Hallam Lodge, and the other by returning to his old love and marrying Edith. Leah and her husband are happy in each other's love—what more need be said?

OUR ENGRAVING

is made from a photograph taken of Miss Grace Courtland in the hat and shawl in which she was saved from the disaster to the steamship Idaho, on route from this port to Liverpool, last Fall. The photograph was sent us by a correspondent in London, Eng., who wrote: "This heroic lady, notwithstanding the loss of her entire wardrobe by the disaster, engaged the Lord Nelson-street Music Hall, Liverpool, Eng., and, aided by other talented musical and dramatic talent, gave a series of entertainments under the patronage of the American Consul General Fairchild. The officers of the steamship Idaho presented Miss Courtland with a basket of flowers as a slight token of the courage and presence of mind displayed by her during the disaster. The lady is now in London, renewing her wardrobe and has had a play written for her, which, on her return to the United States, she intends producing in New York."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph

E. S.—1. That is a nominal limit, merely. 2. Sexton has never been champion of the world, though he and Rudolphe and Vignaux have a joint claim upon that title through the failure of Vignaux, still having possession of the Challenge Cup typical of the championship of the world, to accept the others' challenges. Not having met all challengers, Vignaux has never served his time as champion of the world, and thus the Cup has the same force now that it had when he bore it away from here under the pledge to return with it that same summer. He may come back with it this spring. 3. Sexton's rank was that of champion of America. He ceased to be that on Nov. 30 last, and became honorary champion through having served his time. There is now no formal rank, but as matter of fact Schaefer is champion of America since the night of Feb. 7. His title of champion of the world amounts to but little in the face of the fact that the lists were not open to foreign players, and that five of his competitors are American experts in every sense, while the other two, Garnier and Rudolphe, are American players in all but the fact that they were born abroad. 4. That is the 60jest of most tournaments.

D. C. D., Belmont.—1. He can take the exposed card, and he cannot. If exposed on the original deal, the player must take it; if exposed in the draw he cannot take it. 2. No; but he can try to do it. If the privilege is denied him, that fact may be very significant, and, forfeiting what he has already bet, he had better go home. 3. As you state this question, it is absurd. It is so clear that a man can go to the races and protest anywhere else for money to call a bet with, unless an exceptional game is being played, that we think that, without stating it, you mean an exceptional game—table-stakes, for example.

NAMELESS, Macon, Ga.—Neither. The player who was first to make enough to put him out should have called out at once. A player can call out on any point, from a seven to any number, unless otherwise agreed upon; but if a player calls without being able to show enough to put himself out, he loses the game for calling falsely. 2. Four fours and a three count eight. 3. So he does. Four fours and a three count eight. 4. If he was true and a six. 4. A can count one for every jack he turns up on a fair deal. He can count four of them in one deal.

T. A., Lynchburg.—As we are apprehensive that we may not fully catch your meaning, your statement being so brief, we prefer not to give a decision. We can understand the difference between giving a man ten points at fifteen-ball pool and giving him the ten-ball; but we see no reason that that should necessarily hold good at casino, as to giving him spades instead of one point.

R. BROS., Effingham.—If you would give the matter a little thought, you would be convinced that it is impossible for any person to turn a double somersault while standing upon the back of a horse coursing the arena. Calculate the distance a person would have to jump in the air in order to make two complete revolutions of body are slightling, and you will be satisfied that no person could leap that height.

A. D. S., Independence.—We cannot spare space to publish the size and weight of all the dwarfs in the world, even if we had a correct list. We can cite two cases, which will answer your purpose, viz., Lucia Zarate is said to be 20 inches high, 15 years old, and weighs a little over 9 pounds; General Mite is said to be of about the same size, and to be 14 years of age, and to weigh 9 pounds. They are now on exhibition together.

W. F. A., San Francisco.—We decline to give a decision, as to give one now might bind us in some future case, analogous but not identical. As two decisions can be given with about as much reason for one as for the other, it is not easy to sustain either. D should have told E that he was playing for invisible stakes, and on the other hand, E should not have bought without ascertaining what he was buying.

FRANK, St. Louis.—Had you been present when the 464 were run by Slosson, you would have realised how easily, had there been but fifty or two hundred people in the house, instead of seventeen hundred, he could have run 600 or 600. Aside from this, it is sufficient that experts do not consider the two performances at all equal in merit. Schaefer's run of 811 against Daly was really a better performance than his 527 or 429 in St. Louis.

T. A. S., New Brunswick.—1. It has been repeatedly stated that "Yankee" Sullivan's right name was Frank Ambrose, but we have since been reliably informed that his full name was Frank Ambrose Murray. 2 Barney Aaron and Billy Edwards never fought. 3. The older hand of the three takes the game. 4. The leading player who was not the pitcher; if neither tier was also pitcher, the elder hand of the two takes the game.

C. T. D., St. Joe.—1. John Dwyer. 2. Twice; the first was declared in McCoole's favor on an alleged foul, and Allen won the next. 3, 4. Both took place on an island a few miles from St. Louis, Mo., the first lasting about 13min. and the second 23min. 5. Nobody. 6, 7. We have no knowledge of such a person. 8 He is a member of Wallack's company, in this city. 9. He is. 10. We do not require it.

PATERSON, N. J.—You can figure it out yourself, starting with the fact, if you mean "straights" of five cards each, that there are ten to every suit. We have not time for it; and it amounts to nothing, after it has been ascertained, in this respect differing from the knowledge of what chance there is in being dealt a "straight" pat or of filling one on the draw.

P. F., Atlanta.—The game of "jack-pots" is irregular poker. All the contingencies of irregular games should be provided for beforehand by those who play them. The games being irregular, there can be no regular way of playing them. This very point has been handled in a dozen different ways, and yet no adequate rule or remedy has ever been devised.

IGNATIUS, Baltimore.—John Morrissey was buried from St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Troy, N. Y. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. John Hughes as celebrant of the mass, with Fathers Finnegan and Muldoon as deacon and sub-deacon. Seven other priests occupied seats in the sanctuary, and Father McMahon, of Saratoga, preached the funeral sermon.

E. J. H., Chicago.—1. Chalk and vermilion mixed in proper proportions. 2. Offer them for sale to some performer of that class. 3. Not having read them, it will be impossible for us to form an opinion in the matter. We can not spare time to search our files for so unimportant a matter. 5. It might be well to do so.

PETER FARMER, Newport.—The bet is decided by the time occupied from the commencement until the termination of the match, time passed off the track being included. We cannot depart from our rule that all questions must be answered only in the correspondents' column.

E. R. C., Buffalo.—We cannot say, since you have not told us whether it was a match or not. If the bet was between dealer and non-dealer, then the latter counts for game; if between two non-dealers, then the elder player of the two—that is, the one nearest the dealer on the latter's left—counts for game.

C. N. G., Baltimore.—1. The naturalised citizen cannot become President. 2. The male child so born abroad can become President, if his father was an American citizen at the time of the birth, and has no intention of abandoning that citizenship. 3. There have been no amendments in this respect. 4. There is no vacancy.

L. A. R., Augusta.—No answers by mail. We have no personal interest in the matter, but a great many expressions have been attributed by common report to persons who were in the theatre when President Lincoln was assassinated which have little or no foundation in fact.

CONSTANT READER, Cairo.—1. Being so far off, you may not understand the inner workings of the tournament so well as they do who are near at hand. 2. Wilson Sexton is not the "champion billiardist," and has not been in several months.

WELL-KNOWN SPORT, Buffalo.—We know that was not the name given; but we understand he was the person, and we think the report sent reliable. By throwing such light upon the subject as it may be in your power to do you will oblige us.

DESPERADO.—"Shamed," "Samantha Ann O'Brien," "A Petition," "Looking for a Date," "'Neath the Red, Red Rose," "Do Not Weep for Me," "Dear Old Mississippi," "I've a Letter from Thy Dad."

C. L.—The Elks in this city have a benefit and a ball every year. The Order includes numerous non-professionals. Any member will give you all the information you require.

DRAMATICUS, Boston.—Managers pay authors of reputation for successful plays either a royalty—i. e., a certain sum for every performance—or a larger amount for the entire right of production.

M. HART, Providence.—"The Manual of Sporting Rules," containing the information you seek, can be obtained from Ed. James, whose address appears in advertisement.

E. W. BERARD, Lake Superior.—They are given strengthening food, but it is not allowable to fire blank cartridges or throw sand or other substances for the purpose of frightening the birds.

SCHREIBER, Toronto.—At the games of the New York A. C., Oct. 4, 1875, A. C. Reid, who ran under protest, came in first, E. B. Foote Jr. second, M. E. Burrias third. H. E. Ficken did not finish. Time, 12m.

R. F. D., Wausau.—1. He has recently been lecturing and filling occasional engagements in variety theatres. 2. We do not answer such inquiries concerning the domestic affairs of professional ladies as you propound to us.

J. H. C., Pittsburg.—We have not the correct measurements of the stage of the Grand Opera-house, Paris, France, but we are safe in asserting that it cannot contain at one time 4,000 persons.

BATAVIA.—All such gifts are the property of the proprietor, who rakes in everything, the employe having no voice in the disposition of the plunder, except by permission of the proprietor.

JOHN ODDY, Denver.—As you do not deny any of the statements made by him, and we have no reason to believe you capable of accomplishing such a performance, there is no necessity of publishing the letter you send us.

W. H. A., San Francisco.—1. His throw is fives and sixes, and he has another throw. The odd dice must fall clear. 2. The same throw that the player wishes shall stand for the second throw must also stand for the pot.

E. H., Detroit.—We do not do an agency business. Write to some dramatic agency in this city—Morris Simmonds, 10 Union square; Horace Wall, 14 Union square; or Brown & Barton, 764 Broadway.

DICK, Ottumwa.—The only way you could secure attractions for your circuit would be to come to this city in the Summer (say July), when troupes are making up their routes, and engage them in person.

C. H. P., Hampton.—Jack and king cut over again at cribbage. Tenth cards are equal—in other words, the value of the cards is not affected by the number in the game about to be started—unless otherwise agreed upon.

F. FARRELLY, Phila.—Cannot inform you regarding the exact locality. It took place nearly ten years before THE CLIPPER was first published. Rusk's antagonist was Freeland.

G. TARONI, Hammonton.—In 1865 the Ascot Gold Cup was won by W. R. Cartwright's Ely (ridden by Constance), after a dead heat with Lord Glasgow's General Peel, who was piloted by Fordham.

CONSTANT READER, Shelburne Co.—The relative value of the cards at bezique are precisely the same in the two eight cards as at any other stage of the game. The ten always beats the knave.

J. D. D. AND M. G., Pequinnock.—At poker a straight is of course played to beat two pair; three of a kind will beat a straight unless beforehand it is agreed as to what it shall beat.

L. J., Jamaica.—B wins. The certificate is not conclusive proof of election. Got that, but the highest authority has, on appeal, decided that C got it irregularly, and that D was really elected.

F. J. F., Jersey City.—None at all complete. 2. The cards must be cut, if anybody insists upon it. 3. He does not necessarily lose the game. 4. He cannot directly lose the game in that way.

FRANCO.—Offer a chance to perform in public, and if you make a hit engagements will speedily follow. Neither agents nor managers will have anything to do with you until after you have made a public appearance.

H. S., Vincennes.—1. Wm. Roberts & Son, 110 Ninth avenue, this city. 2. He is traveling as manager of the Wallack Tripologue Company. Address him so in care of this office.

ADELPHI PARK.—The theatre you name was first opened as a variety theatre Sept. 11, 1871, and was so run until Sept. 17, 1872, when it was opened as a dramatic theatre.

H. G., Columbus Barracks.—She made her first appearance in Boston, Mass., in the Boston Theatre, Oct. 25, 1677, acting Evadne.

SUBSCRIBER, Meadville.—1. The late W. C. Macready was a native of England. 2. Edwin Booth was born near Baltimore, Md.

C. F. S., Phila.—1. There is no "preparation" except a course of exercise which will answer the purpose. 2. For a novice it would be a fair performance.

F. G. C., Wheeling.—We know nothing of her, except that she has no trotting record of 2:18 under that name, unless she got it last year.

W. J.—There has never been a Roman Catholic President of this country. A Roman Catholic is, however, as eligible to the Presidency as a Protestant.

BUCK, Keokuk.—1. A had no right to shuffle between the original deal and the serving on the draw. 2. Sixes are high at poker dice, and aces low.

J. F. S., Indianola.—If it was before the draw, any player could pass, there being no blind, and no bet having been made on him. 2. No.

L. H., Cincinnati.—1. A native of St. Louis, Mo., and that is his real name. 2. We believe he is married, and is about 33 years of age.

BLUEBELLS, Oregon.—We prefer not to decide legal questions connected with supposititious cases under the copyright law. Consult a lawyer.

A CONSTANT READER, Boston.—B wins, as there were two ties, and consequently Providence did not win three in succession, or "three straight."

F. D. J.—T. J. Gallagher had at one time the honor of having made the fifth-best run on record (347) at the three-ball game.

J. F. F., Springfield.—1. We never undertake to recommend business firms in this department. 2. C. Reiche & Bro., 35 Chatham street. 3. Ed. James, who advertises in this paper. 4. Yes. 5. Half and half in a full. 6. The up deck cannot be trump, unless by general agreement. 7. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

OBSERVANT READER, Brooklyn.—It would be hard to say. It seems to have been ground out by a machine, and anybody could have turned the crank.

J. S., Paterson.—William Sexton purchased Gleason's room, in the Bowery, and when he inaugurated his proprietorship he of course opened the rooms.

J. RAYMOND, Jr., Pig Sin Francisco. 2. Address the Pacific Mail S. S. Co., Pier 42, N. R., and Cameron & Co., 23 South William street, New York.

PEDESTRIAN, Hamilton.—1. No record of 20-ty-yards running. 2. He was born in New Jersey, we believe, and is still alive.

J. L. M., Mott Haven.—The Stadt Theatre, now known as the Windsor, had the largest seating capacity of all theatres in this country.

F. G., Saco.—Out of print.

C. B. M.—We know nothing of him. He is not a professional, and we only hear connection with the profession was the time you refer to.

S. B. K., Buffalo.—Write to anyone of the persons who have assisted it, asking for a copy and stating that you will pay the expense of copying it.

J. L. S., Griffin.—The last trick turned can be looked at either by the dealer or by anyone else. Beyond the last trick turned no one has a right to go.

J. L. R., Providence.—Notwithstanding his jolting A to take the pot, B could be required to show all his cards to all the players who followed.

J. W., East Saginaw.—1. George F. Slosson has a brother. 2. His first name is Charles, and when we last heard from him he was employed in a billiard-room in Chicago.

HANKAM, Oil City.—The effect would depend on the mental organization of the child. We prefer not to decide such supposititious questions.

M. S.—"Let your reply be brief" would entitle it at any time, let alone on an occasion when the question involves philology.

CAPT. J. D. RHODES.—Your better plan would be to obtain a personal interview with Capt. Boyton, which you can very easily do.

J. E. HUMBOLT, Boston.—Cannot publish the challenge until a deposit is put up; nor can we credit the statements you make regarding those accomplished by you.

EDWARD AND WATSON, Bridgeport.—Your question is so "mixed" that we can't tell what you are driving at. Try again.

J. G. M., Rochester.—1. Charles Gayler wrote the piece you name. 2. He is not playing in it now. Write to both parties in care of this office for terms.

"ECCE HOMO.—Mr. Johnson, probably, wished to give a still wider publicity to his "Wild Rose of Erin," and so sent it to us. What has Brother Johnson to say about it?

BRUNO.—Write to the performer whom you have heard deliver it, asking for a copy, and offering to pay all necessary expenses.

ADMIRER, Rutland.—You can obtain such a work by sending fifty cents to Ed. James, as per address in advertisement.

FLUSH.—B is entitled to a sight for all the money he has.

M. A. P.—1. Slosson has played in Rochester, N. Y. 2. Probably in matches, and certainly in a tournament.

W. H. S., Owasco.—Having mislaid in the middle of a game of casino, A loses.

SANCHO, Washington.—The cards are not to be shuffled before beginning.

H. F. P., Hampton.—It did not count a go, because his opponent could come in.

J. F. L., Greenpoint.—You cannot give two cards to the others, and retain two to yourself.

W. D. A., Fort McKinney.—A can draw down only as much as B cannot cover, viz., fifteen dollars.

R. S. W., Philadelphia.—By addressing Jacob Schaefer himself.

ANDY, Cincinnati.—It is proper, if C has a six in his hand.

THESPISCHORE.—You can purchase a "Ballroom Companion" at any bookstore.

M. MCK., Phila.—There is no such word, unless it be the name of someone.

CLIPPER READER, Quincy.—Cable & Sons, 107 West Twenty-third street, New York.

C. E. C., Cincinnati.—Please use dates instead of "last night" and "to-night."

C. P. E.—It was not taken from any single novel, but from a great variety of sources.

E. B.—Bill Gilliam and Dan Thomas fought for £300 May 30, 1860.

P. B., West Meriden.—The game was not played out, the result being a draw.

PATRICK FARRELLY.—We have no record of the death of Freeland, whose only fight was that with Rusk.

GEORGE N. WILSON, Clinton.—We have handed your letter to a dealer.

W. A. R.—We have no time to measure the "ems" in the New Testament and *The New York Herald*.

J. W. P., Lawrence.—C is out on his high, if he could make the two he gave.

TRUEBLUE, Atlanta.—The game was five-card cribbage, and the Colonel's ten-spot was shut out.

PETER KARR.—1. Yes. 2. Kept here all the time. 3. From Ed. James, whose card see.

E-FLAT, Grand Rapids.—Seventy-five cents for each insertion.

READER, Pittsburg.—Your letter did not reach here in time to be advertised in our last issue.

R. G. M., Holyoke.—We do not publish the ages of professional ladies.

W. S. B., Portland.—We published one like it only a few months ago.

M. W.—So far as your statement goes, he can melt twenty hearts.

TWO READERS.—In selling his horse for $100, buying it back for $90, and selling it again for $95. A makes but $5.

COLUMBUS, Kansas.—Don't know of any in this city. Address Prof. John Wise, Philadelphia.

J. T. W., Chicago.—Olive is a French name, and it is pronounced as if spelt Reva.

S. P., Bourbon.—Hilliard & Hunling's Show is in Winter quarters in Orwell, O.

P. L., Philadelphia.—Any dealer in plays, of whom there are many in your city, will sell you a copy for 15 cents.

FIRE BIRD, Newark.—Three threes and two sixes count eighteen.

ECLIPSE, St. Louis.—At whiskey-poker a player can rap at any time, whether the "widow" is down or up.

M. C.—Hundreds upon hundreds charged with murder have been acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

S. T., Molerip.—No horse ever ran a mile in a minute and a half, much less in one minute.

E. K. R. G., Boston.—1. Cannot give his height. 2. Do not know.

A. G., Montgomery.—We hope not been able to hear from them for some time.

CIRCLEVILLE.—Goodyear's I. R. Glove Manufacturing Co., cor. Broadway and Broome street, New York.

J. C. M., Harrisburg.—*Thompson's Bank-note Reporter*, 102 Nassau street, New York.

CONSTANT READER, Fredericktown.—It may have been. Inquire at some music-store.

J. B. M., Frostburg.—R. bountag, 9 and 11 Park place, New York.

W. L. W., Elmira.—Address him at his theatre, 587 Broadway, this city.

CONSTANT READER, Emlenton.—B wins, if the majority was 10,000 or more.

TARPOT, Kendall Creek.—1. That is a case of "muggins." 2. The highest double sets.

VETERAN, Yalobusha.—Address Scott Bros., Fulton street, near Broadway, New York.

No. 9, Springfield.—What do you mean by a catalogue of the United States mint?

J. A. H., Red Wing.—Their names do not appear in the business directory.

READER, Buffalo.—Cannot make room for the information in this column. Apply to some builder in your city.

J. N. D., Phila.—We don't know what you mean. Write again, and be more explicit.

FOOT-RACE, Vermillion.—1. See CLIPPER ALMANAC. 2. Wm. Lang is living in England.

M. J., New Orleans.—Watch our variety summary, or address her in care of this office.

STRESSIMER.—Send 10 cents to Ed. James, 90 Centre street, for a copy of the recitation named.

J. C. Q., Bath.—The name you mention is his real name, and he was born in Dublin, Ireland.

CONSTANT READER.—He will probably not play in this city during the time you name.

E. S.—He has a brother who performs in variety theatres.

PROF. A. MERLIN.—See instructions in head of Letter-list. EDITOR.—We have nothing to dispose of in that way.

STAKEHOLDER, Jackson.—A must show his whole hand.

R., Chicago.—The highest euchre card, which is jack.

C. B. F.—There is such a letter now in our care.

READER, Springfield.—He is 36½ inches high.

O. R. B., Newark.—$12.90 for each insertion.

J. G., Girardville.—What was the question?

F. M., Boston.—You need not play in a heart.

J. G. L., East Cambridge.—Not to our knowledge.

A. H. CUNNINGHAM.—Sent as requested.

E. D.—He does not get a "scratch."

OHO.—Will appear in our next.

D. C. D.—Pronounced Dan ites.

R. B.—He was born Feb. 4, 1838.

ALONZO PLUME.—Out of print.

"HARDLY EVER" has Brother Beecher enjoyed himself so well as he did in Philadelphia Feb. 3, when, having a little spare time after delivering his lecture in that city, he took in a portion of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Broad-street Theatre. The dear brother relishes a bit of pure, innocent fun, and this is just what the "H. M. S. P." supplies.

MACHINERY HALL, memorable as next to the largest building of our Centennial display, was sold at public auction on Saturday, Feb. 8, for $24,000. Its cost was between six and seven hundred thousand dollars. It was sold to William C. Allison & Co., car-builders, and is not to be used for a circus. The Japanese Pavilion was sold at the same time for $150.

A RAID was made on a Barclay-street establishment on Feb. 5, where and when a number of gentlemen met to pool their issues on the Charleston races; but, with all the parade made in the papers about it, we question whether or not the raid was a *pay raid!*

THE METROPOLIS is honored by the presence of the Potter Investigating Committee, whose proceedings are of deep interest to the merest cipher. Some of the witnesses are worked and moulded just as if they were formed of Potter's clay!

AS FAST as one female walker drops out of Brewster Hall, another is at hand to take her place. In this way, walking three thousand quarter-miles in three thousand quarter-hours becomes comparatively easy.

RAIDS continue to be made in places of amusement in Philadelphia. Now, if the houses raided are unlawful, why permit them to open at all? Why allow innocent persons to enter such places and then arrest them?

AND TO THINK that the winner of the first prize in the recent billiard tournament should turn out to be only a young Schaefer. [Pronounce this shaver.]

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALBRIGHT, Jacob—An aged resident of Clinton, Ontario, who had a total of one hundred and twenty descendants, one hundred and ten of whom survive—there, Jan. 22, aged 90.

ARONSON, Harris—A prominent Israelite of this city; president of the Mount Sinai Hospital, and noted for his charities—here, Feb. 8, aged 67.

ARNOLD, Ernest—A prominent citizen of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Feb. 2, aged 61.

AUSTIN, Caleb—One of the oldest citizens of Beaninton, Vt.—there, Feb. 1, aged 76.

BELL, Gen. J. Warren—Formerly a lawyer in Chicago, Ill., at the breaking-out of the Rebellion he raised the Thirteenth Illinois Cavalry, and was commissioned its colonel. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general by brevet for gallant and meritorious services. After the war he was for several years Special Agent of the Treasury Department, and has since held various other positions of trust and responsibility—Washington, D. C., Jan. 28, aged 54.

BODER, William—For many years a prominent member of the Philadelphia bar. He was born in Weathersfield, Ct., graduated at Brown University, and held the office of Naval Agent in Philadelphia, Pa., for several years—Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4, a member of the Masonic fraternity—Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 6, aged 77.

BATCHELDER, Samuel—One of the leading manufacturers of New England, and a man of science and inventive talent. He wrote several books and pamphlets, the most noteworthy being a work on the "Early Progress of the Cotton Manufacture of the United States"—Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 5, aged 94.

BURDICK, Charles C.—A veteran of the War of 1812. He was Sheriff of Washington County, R. I., for several years—Newport, R. I., Feb. 3, aged 80.

BETHUNE, Rev. Alexander Neil—A minister of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. He was appointed Bishop of Toronto in 1867, and labored earnestly in that diocese to the time of his death—Toronto, Can., Feb. 3.

BOND, Wm.—A well-known citizen of Baltimore, Md., where he had been engaged for many years as a produce and commission merchant—there, Feb. 3, aged 81.

BUTLER, Willoughby G.—An architect and master-builder—Portsmouth, Va., Feb. 4.

BENNETT, Captain Charles—A well-known sea-captain, who has lately been in business in this city—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 4, aged 66.

BLUM, Isaac—A well-known citizen of East Baltimore, Md., where he had been for many years engaged in the clothing business—there, Feb. 6, aged 81.

BLEYER, B. Frank—Well known in Masonic and typographical circles throughout Wisconsin—Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 4.

BLAKE, Dr. Francis R.—A well-known physician of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Feb. 3, aged 64.

BRISCOE, Dr. Alexander H.—A well-known dentist of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Feb. 7, aged 38.

BUTLER, William T.—A well-known citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., and president of the Fire Association of that city—there, Feb. 8, aged 86.

BENNETT, Captain Charles—A prominent citizen of Troy, N. Y., and founder of the Freedmen's Academy at Greensboro, N. C.—Troy, N. Y., Feb. 3.

BLACK, Charles Christopher—A well-known English writer on art, topography, etc.—London, Eng., recently, aged 69.

COSTER, Rev. N. A.—One of the oldest clergymen of the Church of England in the diocese of New Brunswick—Richibucto, N. B., Feb. 1.

CAMPBELL, Alexander—A well-known citizen of Brooklyn—there, Feb. 1, aged 73.

CADWALADER, General George—The brother of the late Judge Cadwalader, and a distinguished soldier. He was born in Philadelphia, in 1806, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1823. When eighteen years old he joined the first troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry. In 1837 he was chosen captain of the Philadelphia Greys, and in 1838 was appointed brigadier-general of the First Brigade, helping to quell the riots in 1844 and serving in the Mexican War, where he had conferred upon him the brevet rank of major-general in the United States Army, and was given the command of the Third Division of the army of occupation. When the late Civil War broke out General Cadwalader entered into active service again, and was engaged almost constantly, having command of the Department of Annapolis, and afterwards the Second and Sixth Divisions of the Army of West Tennessee. Subsequently he became commandant of the Loyal League of the United States. For thirty years he was president of the Mutual Assurance Company of Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Feb. 3, aged 73.

CLAIRVILLE, Louis Nicolas—A French dramatic author—Paris, France, cable-dispatch dated Feb. 10, aged 68.

COCHRANE, Lyman—Judge of the Superior Court of Detroit, Mich.—there, Feb. 3.

CASEY, Hon. Joseph—Formerly the Chief-justice of the Court of Colombia—Washington, D. C., aged 60.

COHEN, Moses S.—Formerly an extensive real-estate agent of this city, where he was favorably known in Hebrew circles—here, Feb. 5, aged 63.

CLARKE, John A. W.—Vice-chief of the detective corps of Washington, D. C.—Feb. 4, aged 48.

CHASE, John—One of the oldest members of the Institute of Painters in Water Colors, England—London, Eng., recently, aged 61.

CAMPBELL, Dr. Duncan—An eminent physician of Toronto, Canada—there, Feb. 5, aged 80.

CULBERTSON, L. L.—The local editor of *The Titusville Herald*. He died of hæmorrhage of the lungs after an illness of but a few days—Titusville, Pa., Feb. 2.

CASEY, W. J.—The Auditor of Gibson County, Ind.—Princeton, Ind., Feb. 4.

CAPPELEN, Capt. Frederick—A well-known merchant of Baltimore, Md.—there, Feb. 4, aged 46.

CLARK, Dr. William—An old and respected citizen of Louisville, Ky., where fifty-seven years ago he founded Clark Lodge of Masons, of which he was a member at the time of his death. He was a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., but practiced his profession for only a little over one year—Louisville, Ky., Feb. 3, aged 83.

CLARKE, Daniel W.—An old resident of this city, where he has filled the offices of Police-Justice, Clerk of the Supreme Court and Clerk of the Superior Court, holding the latter at the time of his death—here, Feb. 6, aged 77.

DUC, Joseph Louis—An eminent French architect—Paris, France, Jan. 23, aged 76.

DEKALK, Daniel—A well-known resident of Pottstown, Pa.—there, Feb. 4, aged 81.

DELGADO, General—A former President of Panama and of the State of Cundunramarca—Panama, Feb. 4.

EGAN, Dr. Charles Bradshaw.—A well-known physician. He was born at Killarney, Ireland, in 1826, and studied medicine at Dublin. Coming to this country fifty-five years ago, he began the practice of his chosen profession in Pennsylvania. He went to Illinois in 1857, and for the past twenty-one years had been in the enjoyment of a large practice at Blue Island—there, Feb. 2, aged 77.

EDDY, Colonel Asher R.—A Quartermaster in the United States Army—Malta, Jan. 27.

EVANS, John C.—At one time a prominent politician in Pennsylvania, having been elected State Senator from Berks County in 1852, and also serving two terms in the Legislature—Morgantown, Penn., aged 78.

ECHTER, Michael—A noted fresco-painter—Munich, recently.

EASTWICK, Andrew M.—A wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., and one of the pioneers in the construction of locomotive engines in this country—there, Feb. 5, aged 69.

FOWLER, Mrs. L. Folger—The wife of Dr. Fowler the phrenologist of this city. She graduated in medicine at Rochester, N. Y., when but 17 years old, and has been the first female professor of obstetrics in America. She relinquished a large medical practice in this city in 1860 to engage in lecturing in England—London, Eng., Jan. 26.

FOSTER, Alonzo—A respected citizen of Burlington, Ia.—there, Feb 5, aged 68.

FITZGERALD, Andrew—An old merchant of this city, whose activity in charitable enterprises was well known—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 1, aged 61.

FEILDEN, Sir William Henry—A magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Lancashire, Eng., and a retired captain in the Seventeenth Regiment—Scarborough, Eng., recently, aged 66.

FRAUENSTADT, Julius—A leading German philosopher and editor—Berlin, Germany, Jan. 16.

FISHER, Hon. L.—A prominent citizen of Farmersburg, Ia., and one of the commissioners of the building of the State Capitol at Des Moines—Farmersburg, Ia., Feb. 5.

GORSUCH, I. L.—A member of the Baltimore bar when a young man, but for the past fifty years a farmer in the vicinity of that city—Baltimore, Md., Feb. 6, aged 76.

GLADDING, Edward—An old pilot, in which capacity he was said to have been the most experienced and best known between New York and Boston—Newport, R. I., Feb. 1, aged 84.

GILPILLAN, Dr. George—A prominent physician of Brooklyn, N. Y.—there, Feb. 5, aged 82.

GOETZ, Rev. Ignatius Theodore—The pastor of St. Raphael's Church, Long Island City, L. I.—there, Feb. 8, aged 50.

GREEN, Gardner—An old resident of Newport, Vt., where he had lived on his home farm for nearly half a century—there, Feb. 1, aged 76.

HARASZTHY, Major Gaza—One of the notable men of early Californian times. He was born in Hungary in 1834, and on his way out to California in 1849 he enlisted in a company of dragoons stationed at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and was in all the engagements during the turbulent times of the following four years, being several times complimented in General Orders for personal bravery. He secured his discharge from the army in 1854, and engaged in agricultural pursuits in California until the inauguration of the late Civil War, when he mortgaged his vineyard, and with the proceeds succeeded in raising a company in this city, which was made a part of the Eighteenth New York Volunteer Cavalry. At the close of the war he proceeded to Nicaragua, where, during one of the numerous revolutions in that country, he was commander-in-chief of the cavalry, and, unfortunately, died at it—

HOPKINS, Peter W.—A member of the New York Senate, from the Twenty-fourth district. He served throughout the last war as Adjutant and Quartermaster of the 109th Regiment—Albany, Feb. 7, aged 73.

HOCH, John G.—A young journalist, who for the last eight years has held the position of city editor on *The Sunday Courier* of this city—here, Feb. 7, aged 31.

HOFFMAN, John T.—A conspicuous Illinois politician—El Paso, Feb. 6.

HOLLINGSHEAD, Benjamin M.—A retired merchant of Philadelphia, Pa., where he was for many years an officer of the Apprentices' Library Company—there, Feb. 5, aged 85.

INGALLS, Joseph—The inventor of the Hoosier Drill and other agricultural implements—Irvington, Ind., Feb. 6.

JOHNSON, Alexander G.—A well-known journalist of Troy, N. Y., where at different times he has been connected with the Troy *Whig*, the Albany *Evening Journal*, *The Argus* and *The Whig*. He was a native of Vermont, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a lawyer by profession. He served as Deputy Secretary of State and Deputy Collector of this port, and was also one time Professor of Rhetoric in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute—Troy, N. Y., Feb. 7, aged 66.

JONES, George H.—The first chief-engineer of the Newark Fire Department, on its organization in 1854—Newark, N. J., Feb. 8, aged 61.

JONES, Rev. Stephen—A Methodist preacher in Ohio for half a century—Chatfield, Minn., recently, aged 78.

JOHNS, Rev. Dr. Cecil—Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Atlanta, Ga., well known in the South and West—there, Feb. 3.

JONES, Ohio F.—A prominent lawyer and old citizen of Wooster, O.—there, Feb. 3.

JACKSON, Peter—The oldest man in Fayette County, O., where he lived, aged 102.

LORD, Thomas—An aged millionaire of this city, whose marriage under peculiar circumstances, and subsequent proceedings against him in lunacy by his sons, created considerable sensation for the past few years—here.

LANMAN, Mrs. Mary J.—The mother of the well-known author Charles Lanman, and one of the few survivors of a famous Indian massacre at Frenchtown, Mich., in 1813—East Orange, N. J., aged 92.

LEYBOLD, Baron George von—A native of Munich, Germany, who came to this country in 1854, and entered in business as a banker in this city, where he remained until 1866, when he removed to Savannah, Ga.—there, Jan. 30, aged 48.

LEOPOLD, Mrs. Elizabeth—A centenarian, whose funeral was attended by five generations of her descendants—Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 2.

LAWRENCE, Mrs. Lydia—The widow of an ex-Mayor of this city and the author of a book recently published, entitled "Do They Love Me?"—Bayside, L. I., Feb. 7, aged 78.

LOUGHLIN, Rev. Father—For some time pastor of St. Mary's Church, Auburn, N. Y.—Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 6.

LEECH, Harry Bowcott—A young journalist connected with the *New York Herald*—here, Feb. 10.

MANNING, Daniel Joseph—An Irish journalist. He entered the order of Christian Brothers when a boy, continuing a member for twenty-five years, and was connected with prominent schools in Ireland. He afterwards went to London, and was editorially connected with *The Globe* and *The Irish Times*. He resided some years in this city, where he wrote a number of scarcely any more literary to Schaefer only years ago he became proprietor of *The Paddington Times*, published in the suburbs of London, Eng.—there, Jan. 13, aged 47.

MACDANIEL, Legion—A slave under the three Wade Hamptons, and was said to have attained the great age of 120 years—Columbia, S. C., Jan. 31.

MCKENZIE, Daniel—A veteran of Waterloo and a centenarian—Berwick, Nova Scotia, recently, aged 105.

MOLLIEN, Dr. Charles—The Deputy for Peronne, France. He was distinguished as a surgeon and served in that capacity during the Franco-German War—Peronne, France, Feb. 1.

MONROE, Judge I. S.—A prominent lawyer of Columbia County, Pa.—Catawissa, Pa., Feb. 4—aged 72.

MULLEN, Col. B. F.—The colonel of the Thirty-fifth Illinois Regiment during the late war. He died quite suddenly of consumption, being confined to his room but one day—Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 2.

MEADE, Mrs. Gen. George—The widow of Commodore Meade, United States Navy—Huntington, L. I., Feb. 5, aged 68.

MCCOLGAN, Charles—An old resident of Baltimore, Md., where he died.

MORSE, Col. James W.—A Philadelphian, who went to California in 1849, and built many of the public edifices in San Francisco—San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 31, aged 86.

MCMILLEN, John George W.—A well-known practicing physician of Decatur, Ill., where in 1860 he had been elected to the office of City Treasurer—there, Feb 4, aged 55.

MERRIAM, Isaac L.—The first City Treasurer of Oswego, N. Y., and at one time a prominent manufacturer of that city. He had resided here for the past twenty years—here, Feb. 8, aged 64.

METZLER, Samuel W.—A hotel-keeper for nearly half a century in Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Feb. 6, aged 77.

POWELL, Samuel S.—A prominent citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he had served three terms as Mayor—once successively from 1850 to 1852, and again from 1871. He was a native of this city, but while a young man removed to Brooklyn. In 1874 he was elected Comptroller of Brooklyn, and at the time of his death he was holding the office of County Treasurer, to which he had been elected in 1877—Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 6, aged 65.

PUCHETT, Col. John H.—A soldier of the War of 1812, who also participated in all the important engagements of the War with Mexico—Elizabethtown, Ky., Feb. 5, aged 65.

PALMER, William R.—A leading temperance advocate in Brooklyn, N. Y., for many years—there, Feb. 8, aged 80.

RODNEY, William.—A well-known Delaware politician, and the youngest son of Daniel Rodney, who was Governor of that State from 1814 to 1817—Washington, D. C., Feb. 2, aged 72.

ROMIG, Jacob and Elizabeth—An aged couple of Pottstown, Pa., who had lived together fifty-five years, and died within forty-eight hours of each other—there, Feb. 3 and 4, aged 83 and 81.

RILEY, Charles—The superintendent of passenger coaches on the New York Central Railroad—Herkimer, N. Y., Feb. 3.

RUSH, Alexander—A retired merchant and one of the oldest citizens of Cincinnati, O.—Loveland, O., Feb. 4, aged 79.

SMITH, Israel—A prominent engineer, for many years connected with the New Jersey Railroad, and latterly with the P

BASEBALL.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Messrs. Weaver, Bennett, Redmond and Clinton are requested to send their address to F. C. Bancroft, New Bedford, Mass.....Charley Fulmer of the Buffalo nine of 1879 is treasurer of the Jubilee Singers in Philadelphia, and he plays the character of Patsy Bolivar, the meek boy in the farce of "School." Charley will henceforth be known in the Buffalo field as Patsy Bolivar.....The champion club of San Francisco, the Athletics," says a California paper, "have recently fitted up in superb style a suite of rooms, Nos. 25 and 26, at 620 Washington street. Never before in this part of the country have we seen neater and more commodious apartments for club purposes. The ceiling and walls have been frescoed, and floors are covered with the Brussels carpet. The front room—22x24ft.—is fitted up with one of the best billiard tables, and this is a means to keep the boys 'at home' at all times. We are glad to see the leading baseball club taking this step, and trust that the lesser lights of this particular sport will emulate their example. We look to see the Athletic Club become one of the most influential organizations in the city. The gentlemanly members of the club are always glad to see their friends, and we would advise a visit to their rooms by all lovers of baseball and well-wishers of the Association.....A close and sharply-contested game was recently played by the Boston and Bay City Clubs of San Francisco at the corner of Fulton and Larkin streets. After twelve innings had been played the Bostons won by one point, the score being 4 to 3.....The application of the Albany Club to be admitted to the League has been refused. *The Cincinnati Enquirer* says: "The Albany Club applied for admission to the League after the Troy Club were admitted. The Committee on Applications, Messrs. Neff, Evans, and White, will reject the application. Mr. Neff sent off his report adverse to the admission of any other club on the ground that eight are enough. That settles it for Albany."..... The dates selected for next season's baseball games between the clubs of Harvard and Yale Universities are as follow: First game, May 10, in New Haven; second game, May 17, in Cambridge; third game, June 23, in New Haven; fourth game, June 25, in Cambridge; fifth game, if necessary, on neutral ground, the place to be named hereafter; the day being June 28. Mr. Sumner of Boston will probably be the umpire for the series, if his services can be obtained.....Mr. Petitt arrived in town Feb. 8, and is stopping at the Metropolitan.....Jerry Bradley of the Troy nine of 1879 is in Philadelphia, and he is benefiting from daily practice at McLean's Gymnasium. Ed. Williamson of the Chicagos is catching now for him, and the manner in which they are doing things promises much for the success of their respective clubs.....The report in a Buffalo paper that the League clubs would play a certain stated number of games is not correct. The schedule has not yet been arranged, and consequently no one can know how many League games are to be played, or what dates they will be played on.....The San Francisco clubs, nothing daunted by the condition of the ground on Jan. 26, had their usual out-of-door and some interesting contests were the result, including the victory of the Nationals over the Eddys by 5 to 0, the Benecia Boys being beaten by the Presidios by 5 to 6; the Moonlights defeated the Alerts 4 to 3; the Independents won against the Resolutes by a score of 14 to 4; and the Humboldts made 8 while the Roses were making 6.....A baseball match on the ice was commenced Feb. 4, at the Forest City Park, Rockford, Ill., between teams captained by Swartwood and Phillips. Only four innings were played, with a score of 12 to 2 in favor of Swartwood's side, who had, moreover, the odds of seven men to their opponents' seven men. The Newport Baseball Club is the title of a new amateur organization in Newport, R. I., and is officered as follows: President, Henry Johnson; vice-president, S. Gaines; recording secretary, G. Bowlby; corresponding secretary, J. De Witt; treasurer, W. Weeden; directors, J. De Witt, S. Gaines, and G. Mumford. The Newports will be uniformed in white shirts, brown stockings, and gray pants and cap. They will play on an inclosed ground, and after April 1 will be pleased to hear from all amateur clubs in New England. Communications can be sent to J. De Witt, 24 Thames street, Newport, R. I.....McLean, the well-known Cleveland umpire, is proprietor of a gymnasium in Philadelphia, where Williamson and Harbidge of the Chicagos, Dunlap of the Albanys, Bradley of the Troys, and Colbert, one of the most promising young players in that city, are now practicing, and the ever-smiling proprietor occasionally shows the juniors points in curve-pitching. Colbert who is a good outfielder and batter, has had several offers from out-of-town clubs, but is still disengaged.....The Troy City Club, at a meeting on Feb. 8, discussed plans for a new grand stand, reporters' stand, and turnstile entrance. The uniform has not yet been determined upon. Ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen are not to be admitted on the grounds. The nine will begin practice March 15. Caskins, a.k., is already in town.....The Stars of Syracuse, N. Y., have succeeded in leasing Newell Park, that city, for next season, and are endeavoring to secure the services of Holbert, late of the Milwaukees, as change-catcher. Dorgan, McCormick, and Carpenter are the only members of the Stars who are at present residing in Syracuse, although Adams, thirteenth man last season, is also there disengaged.

ICE-BOATING.

A REGATTA AT PROSPECT PARK.

Ice-boating was resumed at the Prospect Park lake on Feb. 1, and on Feb. 3 the third annual regatta of the two Brooklyn ice-boat clubs took place on the large lake at the Park under circumstances which made it the most successful affair of the kind known in the brief history of ice-boating here. Though the new field of ice was hard, it was very rough in some places; but on the day of the annual regatta a good course was laid out, about a mile and a half in extent. The sport began in the morning with circuit sailing by the fleet, which by 2 P. M. consisted of eight boats, as follows: Prospect Park Club—Mr. Magaw's Conqueror, 20ft.; Dauntless, 8ft.; Mr. Crane's Mazeppa, 9ft.; Mr. Laughlin's Laura, 18ft.; Mr. Chadwick's Lady of the Lake, 19ft.; Mr. Oulyer's Cupid, 11ft. Capitoline Club—Mr. Hallock's Eureka, 16ft.; Mr. Weed's Snowbird, 18ft.

Six of the eight yachts entered for the pennant; but, just before the boats got into position for the start, the Laura ran into a heavy piece of sewer-pipe which had been placed on the ice as a stakepost, and, smashing the pipe besides breaking her stays, she had to withdraw. The race was sailed in heats, three circuits of the course comprising a heat, and the winner of two out of three heats taking the pennant. The Dauntless, too, which entered, was withdrawn after the first circuit, so that only four boats were left to contest for the pennant, viz., the Conqueror, sailed by Mr. Magaw; the Mazeppa, by Mr. Crane; the Eureka, by Capt. Hallock; and the Snowbird, by Com. Weed. The judges were Messrs. John G. Oulyer and H. Chadwick, the latter making the time. The Eureka came in the winner of the first heat. The little Mazeppa won the second heat, the Eureka's runners—of the bevel-edged pattern—giving out; and the third heat and the match were also won by the Mazeppa, greatly to the satisfaction of the crowd, whose sympathies were with the little boat of the fleet. The time of the contest, including the intermissions between the heats, was forty minutes, some very rapid sailing having been accomplished.

ICE-BOATING IN MADISON, Wis., is now in the summit of its glory. The recent slight thaw, followed by a freeze, has made the surface of the lakes, particularly the third, as glassy as could be wished for, and with a fair breeze the ice affords as fine a surface for ice-yachting as sea-birds. At almost any hour of the day forty to fifty boats can be seen. Chicago parties are here enjoying the exhilarating sport.

THE MADISON (WIS.) YACHT CLUB have elected the following officers: Commodore, A. H. West; vice-commodore, E. H. Freeman; secretary, J. Zenter; corresponding secretary, N. P. Jones; treasurer, H. Turnville; measurer, John Gallagher; chairman of Regatta Committee, M. T. Sally.

THE RING.

DOONEY HARRIS took a benefit at Harry Hill's on Feb. 6, when a small assembly witnessed as fine an afternoon's entertainment as has been given there for a long time. It was made up of enjoyable performances by Harry's variety company, interspersed with glove contests between Johnny Moore and Pete Logan, Pete McCoy and Billy Fields, Billy Madden and Johnny Reilly, and Harris and W. C. McClellan. These were all capital exhibitions of the art of manual offense and defense, while the first three partook of the nature of regular battles "for blood," and created much excitement among the lookers-on, who were well satisfied, as they ought to have been, with the treatment received for their money. Although the attendance was light, there were some thorough-going sports present, who made things lively off the stage, among them the genial bonhace of the Island, "Uncle Sam" Toves was M. C.

MCCLELLAN AND DONOVAN.—Since Prof. McClellan wrote the note alluded to on an outside page, a gentleman residing in San Francisco has offered by telegraph inducements for him to go there and engage in his third glove fight with Mike Donovan; but as he prefers that it should take place in this city, and as Donovan has declined all propositions to come here in the course of six or seven weeks, he has concluded not to "go West" at present. For this no one can blame him, as he has a paying school here, which he would have to give up if he went away, and he is certain of a thousand-dollar purse to fight for here; while in California he would probably have to "chance it," which he don't feel inclined to do.

JOHNNY DWYER sends us a letter from Pittsburg, Pa., in which he requests us to publicly express his acknowledgement for the kind manner in which he was received by the sporting community of St. Louis, more particularly Wm. C. Mitchell, Dick Parker, and the company of the Theatre Comique, Billy Spink of the Globe, Tom Kelly, Jack Looney, Mike McGuire, Dooley Pearce, Ed. Cuthbert, Cool Herbert, etc., to all of whom he feels deeply grateful, and sincerely regrets that the officials would not permit him to in a measure repay their kindness by affording them an opportunity to see him spar.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION was given at Portland, Me., Feb. 8, by Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, and Patsy Sheppard. Prof. Carroll of Lowell, Mass., Geo. N. Briggs, "Mouse" Hayes, and numerous sparrers of local repute, and James Mack, a dancer, participated. A letter from Joe Goss stated that he was unavoidably detained in Boston. There was a good attendance, and the show was fairly satisfactory, the wind-up between Edwards and Chambers proving the most interesting feature.

BILLY EDWARDS AND ARTHUR CHAMBERS returned from their New England trip on the 10th inst. They inform us that they will take a joint benefit at Music Hall, Boston, on Monday evening, March 3, and subsequently they, in company with Patsy Sheppard, will pay their respects to the good people of Lewiston and Bangor, Me. This trio of pugilistic graces return thanks to Mr. Cole and George Bruggs for favors received while in Portland.

JACK LAVERY gives an exhibition at Armory Hall, Warren, R. I., Feb. 17, when some of the boxing talent of Providence and Boston will lend a hand, and Jack will wind-up with an unknown.

THE GLOVE MATCH between Mike Coburn and Dick Goodwin, for a subscribed purse, which was to have been decided on Monday evening, Feb. 10, has been postponed for a few days.

FRANK MCINTYRE, the veteran boxer of the Quaker City, will have a benefit there, at News A Chambers' handball court, 1,636 North Fourth street, Feb. 24.

HARRY JENNINGS' attention is directed to a challenge in our advertising columns.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Continued from page 375.

A BOGUS AGENT called E. T. Moore has been swindling hotel men and others by representing himself as agent of Heywood Bros.' Combination, wrote a correspondent, adding: "He made arrangements to show in Carbondale Feb. 11, 12, and contracted for board for seventeen people at the Marcy House. He had a check for eight dollars and twenty-five cents, which he raised to eighty dollars and twenty-five cents, and Landlord Marcy having identified the man at the bank, loses the money. The Heywood Brothers performed in Carbondale Feb. 8, Susquehanna 6, Binghamton 7."

A COINCIDENCE.—Since the preceding item was put in type we have received the following information from the proprietor of the Mansion House, Alexandria, Va., dated Feb. 8: "A man who registered as J. J. Clark, and pretending to be the advance-agent of the Tom Thumb Troupe, after having made all of his contracts with various parties, asked me to go to a bank and identify him, as he had a draft drawn by the National Bank of Delaware, Wilmington, Del., on the Merchants' Exchange (National) Bank of New York City, by R. W. Eubanks, cashier, for eighty dollars and fifteen cents. With this draft he showed a letter purporting to have been written by Gen. Stratton (Tom Thumb) describing the draft which he inclosed to him from Wilmington (where he said the troupe were), to be used for his expenses. After he drew the money he disappeared, leaving his hotel bill unpaid; also a printer's bill for printing blank forms of contract for the Tom Thumb Troupe, some of which he used in making his contracts here, also for six thousand posters and other bills. The draft was sent to New York for collection, and returned as having been altered from eight dollars and fifteen cents to eighty dollars and fifteen cents. His description is as follows: About 5 feet 7 inches high, well set, freckled face, brown hair, pleasing manners, his upper front teeth prominent, with a space between each and considerably discolored by the use of tobacco. He wore a brown sealskin cap, which came well down over his forehead."

IN PHILADELPHIA Feb. 4 the La Coterie Carnival Bal Masque at the Academy of Music was a great success. The floor was crowded, and some of the costumes were very handsome. The decorations of the ballroom were a feature.....At the Academy of Music, on the afternoon and evening of Feb. 6, for the benefit of St. Vincent's Home, a concert, together with tableaux of Ireland, was given by the young ladies and gentlemen of St. Paul's Literary Institute.....There was a fancy-dress carnival on roller-skates at the Permanent Exhibition Feb. 5.....Kellar the magician performed at Concert Hall during the week ending Feb. 8.....A fair for the benefit of the Philadelphia Home for Infants will commence at St. George's Hall Feb. 10, and continue throughout the week.....J. Foster Kirk, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, at City Institute Hall Feb. 6, delivered a lecture on Mme. De Stael.....Feb. 6 there was a public reunion of the Sons of Temperance at Lincoln Hall.....There is still excellent skating on the lake at the Zoological Garden.....The members of the Union League Club recently agreed to decide by ballot the question as to whether or not card-playing should be permitted in the club-house. The polls were open for two days, and when they were closed on the 4th inst. the vote stood: For cards, 217; against cards, 230..... Roller-skating is indulged in by many people at the Rink.....A new and improved roller-skating floor is being laid at Horticultural Hall Roller-skating Parlor, which is closed for the purpose, but will reopen Feb. 12.....At Musical Fund Hall Feb. 10 the Caledonian Club will give their twentieth annual ball.....A polo match was played at the Roller-skating Rink on the 8th, and one at the Horticultural Ball Roller-skating Parlor on the 5th.....The Catholic T. A. B. Societies have decided to have no street parade on St. Patrick's day.

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HER VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GERRISH.

BECAUSE thy bright eyes are for me,
And thou art full of grace divine—
Thou Venus of life's foam-flecked sea,
I fain would be thy valentine.

Because thou hast such sweet, red lips,
Wherein the rose's glow melts shine,
Where wild bees bend with lingering sips,
I fain would be thy valentine.

Because thy teeth are like the pearls,
Because thy tresses like vines wreathe twine,
Thou sweetest of all sweetest girls,
I fain would be thy valentine.

Because that thine are all the charms
That beauty's self can e'er enshrine,
I fain would clasp thee in my arms,
And be thy faithful valentine.

But, more than all, because thy heart
Has tender tendrils, like the vine,
I fain would woo thee as thou art,
And be thy faithful valentine.

Dear girl, thy smiles I may not sing
Lest I exhaust the Muse's vine—
Thrice Shakspeare, Addison, Webster, Spring,
I fain would be thy valentine.

And when the birds begin to mate,
And all the air seems full of wine,
When Spring stands knocking at the gate,
Then may I be your valentine.

FAIR AS A STAR;
OR,
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

The doctor knocked at the door of the tiny state-room occupied by the mother and daughter with a puzzled feeling that all was not right, somehow.

"Mamma's so much easier," said Lucy, when she had admitted him. "I don't know how we shall ever repay you for your kindness, Doctor Andrews."

"My dear young lady, your mother owes every comfort she is feeling now to you, not to me," he said kindly. "I certainly pulled her shoulder into place, but anyone with a stout arm and strong nerve could have done that much for her. It is to your patience and attention to those painful bruises that all the credit is due. You are a capital nurse."

"I have had experience," she said, tears springing to her eyes. "Poor papa's was a painful illness, and required unremitting attention. Mamma was not equal to the fatigue, and I had to do my best."

"And the best nurse in the world could not have done better," said the invalid from her berth. "My Lucy is an angel in a sick-room, Doctor Andrews."

Lucy laughed, and opined that an angel among sponges and lotions was rather an anomaly, and asked the doctor for news of Graham Goldburn.

"Does he know that we are on board?" she queried.

"Yes."

"How sorry and surprised he will be to hear of poor papa's death. He was alive and well, poor darling, when the Gap was sold."

"He was very much surprised," Dr. Andrews said, remembering the odd look in Graham Golburn's face when he was told. "He begged me to assure you of his sincere sympathy, and his hope that you would be able to see him soon."

Lucy Barwick looked in the doctor's face with a puzzled expression in her pretty eyes.

"Did Mr. Goldburn send that pompous message to us?"

"As nearly as I can recollect, that was what he said."

"And was that all?"

"Yes."

"I wonder if he has gone mad with money on the brain."

"My dear Lucy, what an extraordinary speech," said Mrs. Barwick.

"Not half so extraordinary as that message, mammie dear. Why didn't he come to the door and speak to us? Why, at Nic-Nic Gap he was like one of ourselves. I suppose it is him," she added, with the disregard of grammar common to others besides the monks anent the cannonized jackdaw. "We can't have made any mistake, can we, do you think?"

"The gentleman knows you, Miss Barwick. He spoke of you at dinner as old neighbors, whom he would be glad to meet again."

"Neighbors? He was like another father to me," said the girl, looking perplexed. "He must be awfully changed; he was a dear, rough-and-ready old fellow, but so good-hearted. I've been expecting him to pounce upon us ever since he came on board, for he was never given to much ceremony, and I hav'n't once heard his voice. I've wondered at that, for he always talked as if there were a gale of wind. Papa nicknamed him the Bull of Bashan because of his voice."

"Then somebody has taken the bull in hand and tamed him down," Dr. Andrews said, with an odd recollection of the particularly soft, suave voice that Mr. Goldburn had spoken in. "He's been leading a civilized life since you saw him, I suspect."

"I sha'n't like him a bit if he's turned ceremonious. Give my dear love to him, please, and tell him he must come and see us to-morrow. Why, the very sight of his dear old face will do mamma more good than anything you can give her, Doctor Andrews."

"I'll give him your message, Miss Lucy, and I hope you'll find your old friend the same as ever when you see him."

"Do you think we shall?"

"Not if he was such as you describe. There isn't the slightest trace of bush roughness about Mr. Goldburn. His speech has no country ring about it, and his hands are as smooth as mine."

"His hands?"

Lucy's look of amazement was something to see.

"Are we playing at cross purposes?" she asked. "Mr. Graham is full of mannerisms in his speech, regular bush *patois* a great deal of it is; he can talk better if he likes, but he doesn't care; but his hands—I can't imagine their ever being anything approaching to smooth. They are the roughest hands I ever saw, and full of scars."

"Scars?"

"Yes, of bruises, and cuts, and bites, and all sorts of things. Men don't work in kid gloves in such places as Nic-Nic Gap, I can tell you. Smooth hands? How could they come smooth?"

"You'll see for yourself when you meet him," said the doctor, "and don't keep Mrs. Barwick awake all night, chattering about him. He was very anxious to know if there was anything he could do for you."

"Of course; but there isn't. We'll see him the first thing in the morning, after mammie here has had some breakfast," Lucy said, and the doctor went his way, wondering not a little at the discrepancy between the girl's description of her old friend and the man himself.

He made an opportunity to talk to him again in the course of the evening, and went to his own state-room more puzzled than ever. Lucy Barwick must certainly have had exaggerated ideas about Graham Goldburn's roughness, or the man himself must have toned down wonderfully in an incredibly short space of time.

The fleeting doubt that he had felt whether it were indeed the same man that the young girl had known was quite dispelled in the course of their conversation. Lucy and the doctor had been great cronies throughout the voyage, and she had chattered to him often of her last home and things which had happened there—things which it was quite evident had come within the ken of Graham Goldburn. He told the doctor a great deal about the Barwicks, and how neighborly they had always been, and intimated his promise to see them as soon as possible the next day.

But "man proposes," etc., says the somewhat musty proverb. It was some time before the old neighbors met. Dr. Andrews was aroused from ambitious dreams of distinction by a knocking at his state-window.

"Am I wanted?" he asked, tumbling out of bed wide awake, in true doctor fashion.

"Yes."

"What is it? Is Mrs. Barwick worse?"

"No."

"Who then?" dragging on his garments as he spoke. "Is it that poor thing in the second cabin?"

"No, she is all right; it's the new passenger, Mr. Goldburn."

"What's the matter with him?"

"That's what you've got to find out," the Captain said; it was he who was knocking. "If he isn't dying, he looks uncommonly like it, that's all I know."

CHAPTER XXIV.—LANDED.

Land is proclaimed—'tis a joyous sound;
Yon gallant vessel is homeward bound;
See on the deck gay numbers pour,
Seeking a glimpse of their native shore.
—HEMANS.

The captain of the Pelican seemed perfectly justified in saying that his new passenger was dying. When the doctor reached his berth, Graham Goldburn looked like a man whose hold on life was fast loosening. Ghastly pale, and with his face all drawn and distorted, he appeared like a man who had just had a severe fit of some kind. The captain had heard him groaning, and had got his door open with great difficulty. He was sensible now, and able to speak faintly, but was evidently in a bad way. He was subject to these seizures, he said, and they left him very prostrate, and were apt to recur. He hoped he should get over the voyage without one, and he was afraid now that he should be a prisoner to his state-room the whole of the time. Was there anyone in the fore-cabin who would come and attend to him for a consideration? Money was no object. There was not much doubt of that, the captain said. There were two or three on board who were none too rich, and would be glad to do it. In the morning, if Mr. Goldburn was no better, he would find someone.

The doctor watched by him all night. He was puzzled by the symptoms, which he could not well make out. Nor could he guess at the nature of the malady, which the patient declared had troubled him for years. Another fit or spasm during the night rendered the sufferer so weak that he could not speak above a whisper, and so feeble about the eyes that the tiny window had to be darkened to keep out the bright rays of the morning sun.

The captain was vexed and put out at this untoward commencement of his homeward voyage, and the sailors openly declared that Graham Goldburn was unlucky—that from the moment of his approaching the Pelican they began to have disasters on board.

"I'll make them think I'm the luckiest man a sailor can meet," the sick man said to Dr. Andrews, with a smile, "when once I am able to go on deck again. I'm sorry for this breakdown, for I like life on board ship; and I am doubly sorry on account of my old friends. I went to bed anticipating quite a pleasant time with them. How is poor Mrs. Barwick getting on?"

"Very favorably! She is very anxious about you. Miss Barwick would like to come and help nurse you, I think."

"Just like her, dear child. I wish she would."

"Oh, no?"

"Do I not! I think the sight of little Lucy's face would do me more good than all your remedies."

"Little Lucy! Have you any idea what a fine grown young lady you are talking about? Why, Miss Barwick must be——"

"Nineteen or twenty at the very least, and a fine young woman of her years. I know all about that, Doctor Andrews; but she will never be anything but little Lucy to me. Why, I dandled her on my knee when she was a mere toddling baby, and carried her on my back many a day through the bush when she grew bigger. She'd always seem a child to me, bless her. Bring her to see me, Dr. Andrews. A glimpse of her bonny face will be better than physic."

Whatever notion the Doctor had taken into his head about Graham Goldburn, he was bound to admit himself in the wrong. If there was anything wrong about him, he would not have been anxious to see Lucy Barwick. He was very weak indeed when she was brought to his state-room. The man who had been engaged to take care of him could hardly keep him from fainting by constant attention, and his face was strangely drawn and haggard. But he knew Lucy, and seemed glad to see her, and she left him, promising to come again.

"Will he die?" she asked in dismay when they were safely outside in the saloon. "He looks so dreadful he frightens me."

"Upon my word, I'm afraid he will," Dr. Andrews replied. "I never was so puzzled by anything in my life; the exhaustion *seems* terrible, and yet ——"

"Yet what?"

"Now and then his pulse is quite strong. Your friend is a contradiction, Miss Barwick."

"He is curiously changed. I think something has turned his brain. The very style of his message to us, and the way he must have talked when he first came on board, point to it."

Lucy held to her opinion after Graham Goldburn got about again, which he did after a few days, crawling on deck, seemingly more dead than alive, and sitting for a little while, if the weather was fine, enveloped in rugs and cloaks till he looked like an animated mummy, and with a green shade over his eyes that very nearly hid the whole of his face.

He seemed hardly able to converse, though he told Lucy he was looking forward to seeing a good deal of them in England, and hoped her mother would let an old friend help her if she were in any difficulty. He gave the young girl a packet of her father's letters which he had had in his writing-desk, and which he thought Miss Barwick would like to have. The widow's recovery had been a tedious one. In addition to the dislocation, she had strained herself severely, and was obliged to keep quite still.

She heard from Lucy with much regret of the utter prostration of their old neighbor, but was not a little puzzled at Dr. Andrews' story of his illness.

"Subject to it?" she said. "We never knew him to have any fits at Nic-Nic Gap, did we, child?"

"Not that I know of, mammie."

The doctor has misunderstood him somehow, depend upon it. But I shall soon see him and hear all about it myself. How good of him to give us these dear letters."

And then she kissed and cried over the faded bits of paper, and roused all her grief afresh, and enjoyed her misery thoroughly, after the fashion of weak minds who cannot understand the anguish which blanches the cheek and dims the eye, and eats away the heart, but does not bubble over in tears, or bluster away its intensity in sobs and wailings.

Mrs. Barwick was not to have the intercourse with her old friend that she so pleasantly anticipated. Very heavy weather set in, and the Pelican had a tough fight for her safety with the wind and waves. It was a time when even those with health and strength found it hard to bear being bumped about in their berths at the mercy of the storm, and when the invalids with bones already weary and sore were miserable beyond expression. Mrs. Barwick wailed and fretted, and declared she should die, and Graham Goldburn fortified himself with all the spare pillows he could get hold of, and took to his bed in earnest, to leave it no more till the shores of old England were reached, and all peril and discomfort at an end.

"At last, mammie, dear," said Lucy to her mother, as, the rocking and tossing over, the Pelican lay alongside the quay at Southampton. "Are you not thankful that the voyage is over safely?"

"I don't know," was the querulous reply. "Sometimes I think it would have been better if we had gone to the bottom. What is England to us? Who is there in all the country that cares whether we live or die?"

"There's one who does, anyway," said Dr. Andrews, putting in his head. "I care very much, Mrs. Barwick, and so will the friends you are going to, I am sure."

"And does Mr. Goldburn, mammie—you forget him. I'm sure, for all he has been so ill, it has seemed more homish to have him so near. How is he, Doctor, now the voyage is over? No worse, I hope."

"No, I think not."

"I'll go and see him directly I have put mamma to rights a little. Perhaps we can travel to London together. She won't feel so strange then, will she?"

"I'm afraid she wont travel with Mr. Goldburn, Miss Lucy.

"Why?"

"He is gone!"

"Gone!"

"Yes!"

"Where?"

"About his own business, I imagine!"

"Do you mean to say he has left the ship and come ashore?"

"Just so!"

"But he was so ill, so weak, he could scarcely stand, much less walk. Are you sure?"

"Quite!"

Lucy looked so utterly amazed that the doctor could hardly help smiling, though the matter to him was no jest. Graham Goldburn was certainly gone—there was no doubt about that. And the wonderful arrival of health and strength that must have taken place to enable him to do so were not a little suspicious to the worthy doctor.

One thing was quite certain—he evidently wished to avoid his old friend's widow and daughter, for, by the time Mrs. Barwick and Lucy had managed to get ashore with their belongings, all trace of him was gone. They made one or two fnquiries, but no one had seen any such person as they described, and certainly the invalid with the green shade seemed to have vanished into the air or sunk into the earth. No one had come in contact with him in any way.

He was safe and well, notwithstanding, and wonderfully recovered since the knocking-about of the voyage was over. He had taken an early morning-train to town, and was quietly breakfasting at the Charing-cross Hotel while his friends from Australia were wondering what had become of him. He had wished to throw them off—under the mask of pleasure and interest, he had felt very much secret annoyance at their presence in the Pelican.

With the last sight of the Australian shore he had meant to cast off forever all the associations connected with that country, and begin life a new man somewhere else. It was annoying to have these people crop up, who would stick to him like burrs, most likely, and in their neighborly retrospections be forever bringing up the past times he was anxious to put away altogether.

Certainly, Barwick had been a good sort of fellow enough, and his wife was a nice woman, and Lucy undeniably pretty. But he wanted to make fresh connections altogether, to enter into fresh relations in every way, and he congratulated himself as he dallied with his recherché little breakfast on having given these "bushranging" people the slip. "Bush-ranging!" that was what he called them to himself, utterly ignoring the fact that his life had been of the bush as well as theirs—that their interests and occupations had gone side by side for many a long year.

People who have none are very apt to say that money hardens the heart, and chills the nature of those who have it. It seemed, indeed, as though his newly-gotten wealth had changed Graham Goldburn from a genial, open-handed squatter, ready to help everyone who wanted aid, into a sneering, discontented cynic, at war with all the world, and with nothing genial in his composition.

"They'll hardly follow me," he said to himself. "The girl has too much pluck, and the mother, by all accounts, too little for such a step as that. I shouldn't care to meet Miss Barwick face to face just now. She has a trifle of her papa's temper, I fancy, and Jessop Barwick was by no means a lamb in disposition if he was put out."

He rang the bell, and asked the waiter who entered what London lodgings were like. It was so long since he had been in England—only once in his life before, in fact, that he did not know. The waiter intimated that there was great choice of lodgings in London, and suggested the newspaper as a means of finding some. Mr. Goldburn ran his eye over the list. The West-end was too fine, he said. Money was no object—that was not it—but he wanted a plainer place. Bloomsbury. Ah, where was that? Was it noisy or reasonably quiet?

The waiter thought Bloomsbury was an uncommon genteel part of London, and quiet. Oh, yes, it was very quiet. It was quite out of the traffic, and the houses were large. He knew that. He had friends there who let out their houses; but they were full, or he should have made bold to recommend them.

"I'll try this one," Mr. Goldburn said. "A haphazard selection sometimes turns out the best. Mrs. Sebright, Bloomsbury square, has comfortably furnished rooms to let." It's terse, and to the purpose. Send for a cab and my bill. I'll go to Mrs. Sebright, and if I don't like her I'll come back here. You'll have room for me, I suppose?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOD WILL BLESS THE EARLY LOST.
An Answer to Annie M. Curtis' Poem "God Bless the Early Lost."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY OSCAR R. BREES.

Yes, God will bless the early lost
That ne'er adown life's sea were driven,
Who never felt earth's chilling frost
Before God took them home to heaven.
Yes that was in the dimpled cheek
That we have smothered off in kisses—
The little lips that tried to speak
Are joys a mother never misses.

Ah, yes, the little "rose-leaf" hands—
Of those so sweetly have you spoken—
Above our hearts have woven bands
That broke our hearts when they were broken;
And, though they're fonds and fair,
Where angels' love forever lingers,
Still sometimes on a mother's breast
She feels the touch of baby fingers.

But God will bless them, never fear;
He gave His vow in sacred story
That when He gathered them from here
He'd take them to His home in glory.
So, if you hunger for the voice
That once from baby land was given,
To-day He pleading that your choice
Be through its gate that leads to heaven.

BLACK UPON YELLOW:
A TALE OF THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY RICHMOND THATCHER,
Author of "La Belle Américaine," "Martha's Pride," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—A LIFE OFF THE YELLOW.

I can scarcely tell what immediately followed my precipitate retreat from the stage. I was dimly conscious of a sympathetic visit from the eminent tragedienne, of a storm of abuse from the manager, and recollect something of a crowd of my fellow actors and actresses who wanted to know what had happened. I knew that one of the company kindly undertook to read the part at a moment's notice, as the manager blandly explained to the audience, after swearing himself nearly into apoplexy behind the scenes, and made a tremendous hit. No explanation followed. I left the theatre, not even troubling to clear my room of what wardrobe I had in it. All hope, all ambition, had left me, and I cared for was to be alone till the steamer started again for Melbourne. I telegraphed to Grace simply that some terrible mistake had been committed, and that I was returning immediately. The hours intervening between the time of the receipt of the letter and the sailing of the steamer were of bitter anguish, for my grief was none the less poignant from the absence of it being only dim and ill-defined. My downfall was attributed in the theatre, doubtless, to presumption, and rejoiced or grieved over accordingly as those who discussed the matter were friendly disposed to me or otherwise. The gentlemanly manager sought an interview, and on being denied indulged in some choice sarcasm about a "blank, blank, jewelled blank, trying to rob his blank theatre," on the doorstep, and as he went off the oaths and imprecations and threats of what he would do lingered in his train, and only died away as he got entirely out of hearing. Once on board the steamer, I sought my berth, which I scarcely left till she reached Sandridge. Whether I suffered on the voyage or not, time passed—I could not say to this day. I had but one sensation—one idea—Grace was dying. I do not think I was impatient of delay, or noticed whether the ship went fast or not. I knew I should see the poor girl, for she had said she could not die till I came. I never doubted that her illness was fatal, for she had said it was, and I relied implicitly on her statement. Before the blow struck me I would have refused to believe that grief could kill anyone—that theory had long been settled in my own mind—but Grace said in her letter that she was dying because I had killed her heart; and I would as soon have credited those who deny the divine authority of revealed religion as accept any medical or any other theory based upon long experience and investigation of facts, that grief of itself can ever kill mortal being. One thing struck me as curious on my arrival in Melbourne, namely, that the people were plying their various occupations as if nothing had happened. Cabmen came down to the wharf; there was, to me, an indecorous rush for luggage, shops were opened, trains ran, and the streets were as full and well filled as if Grace had been hale and well. The theatrical placards on the landing seemed strangely out of place, and I felt inclined to chide people for their unseemly haste and disregard for my feelings. This resulted less from any fancy on my part that the whole world should be interested in my woes than from the fact that I could not drive my mind of the idea that everybody must be aware of my darling's sickness unto death, and ought to show some respect for her sufferings. I constantly kept reminding myself that in all probability not five people in the whole city knew anything of the circumstance, yet every time I gazed around the liveliness and bustle seemed weirdly inconsistent and irreverent. This hallucination pursued me all the way between the steamer and Grace's lodgings. Each time I recollected myself, and ceased to wonder that the world sped on as usual. I knew that the intervals between my sense of wonderment and coming to myself denoted aberration of intellect, and I shuddered as I thought it might develop into madness, but even that dread lost itself in the overwhelming grief for Grace.

The cab stopped at last at Grace's lodgings, and I alighted and dismissed the driver, and in a few moments was in the presence of my darling. There she lay, the fair girl whom I had loved so fondly, she to whose companionship through life I had looked forward as a certainty. Looking at her there, propped up by pillows, supernaturally lovely, in the insidious beauty of approaching death, a great pang rent me, as at first I thought I had not loved her as I should have done; but in a second, by a flash of thought, I compared her as I knew her in health and with only her healthful beauty to yield to my enchantress and enchainer, Nita. I felt a triumphant assurance that I had not undervalued her, but had never faltered in my love for her, never let my heart stray from its allegiance for a second. The self-accusation and acquittal were instantaneous, and in all my anguish I felt an indescribable sense of relief. Grace lay in her bed, much changed. She had wasted away, but the process had taken from her expression all that was of earth, and left her a seraphic beauty. A hectic flush mantled in her cheek; her eyes were supernaturally bright; no coral could exceed her lips in redness; while an expression that no hale, mortal woman could assume irradiated her countenance, giving her that indescribable loveliness that no painter since the days of the great old masters has transferred to canvas. Her hair, loosed from any bonds, fell around her shoulders like a mantel, and looked as if it could have been spread out to form a screen for an angel, while its yellow sheen and radiance seemed to light up the chamber. She welcomed me with a smile that had nothing of impulse in it. It was as if she had known of the moment of my arrival. Bursting with grief, longing to know the cause of the wretched catastrophe, I would have thrown myself upon her and inquired passionately the reason of her illness; but impulse or passion, or in fact anything vigorously human, would have seemed out of keeping with her holy calm and resignation, and I could only imprint one loving, tender kiss upon her lips, and burst into tears, not violent nor impetuous, but a stream seeming to relieve a heart.

CHAPTER IX.—"YELLOW'S DEAD."

It took but a few moments for me to hear of the vile treachery of Nita. Grace commenced the narration with a loving forgiveness for a wrong and a natural conviction of my deliberate deception, but the first few moments sufficed for me to grasp the whole affair, and I spared her much further recital by a confession of my previous folly. The letters were genuine, but the postscript that served to make them applicable to the very moment of my departure for Adelaide was a cruel forgery. It would be a waste of time for me to attempt to describe the entire satisfaction that came over us both after the explanation. No calm amidst a tropical pale-studded sea, succeeding a howling tornado, fraught with gorgeous loveliness as it is, could suffice to compare with the holy re-establishment of our perfect trust and confidence and a renewal of soul union. I was possessed by ecstacy, and Grace seemed to have secured forever that rest for which she had so long been pining. For some time I sat abandoning myself to blissful joy, unmingled with a single pang, my hands clasped in Grace's, and my eyes fixed on hers, while she lay back radiant with peace and happiness. A sharp, troubled cough, which for a moment racked her, recalled me to a sense of her illness, which I had temporarily forgotten. A vague, undefined fear, a reminiscence of acute anguish, flitted over me, but, concealing my thoughts, I asked hurriedly but anxiously ——

"You will soon be well, darling?"

Grace smiled angelically, and answered:

"What does it matter, since it is not you who have killed my heart? Our separation will be but comparatively short, the time for eternal union cannot be long delayed, and then we shall be united for ever and ever."

A rush of grief that flooded all my nature immediately set in. Religion, the hope of resurrection, the consolation of an eternal hereafter, were as nought to me then. I only knew that Grace was to be taken from me. Her placid smile was to me a death-warrant more certain than the diagnosis of the whole College of Surgeons in conclave assembled, and I abandoned myself to the most unrestrained despair and grief. I threw myself upon her neck, implored her to live, denounced Nita with the bitterest curses, and amidst tears and rage swore that she should not die. From the paroxysm of despair, rage and anguish I was recalled by a firm touch on the arm, and, starting up, I met the calm gaze of the doctor, who said mildly but authoritatively:

"Come, this won't do. You must leave the room till you are better fitted for an interview with this lady."

He led me passively enough out, and took me into the adjoining parlor. He was one of the new school of medicine; a man yet young, evidently devoted to the active practice of his profession; one who had drawn his knowledge and experience from many sources and in many parts of the globe, whose data, observed in the great school of medicine, the world of accident, disease, and suffering, had reared, upon a basis of experimental, clinical practice in an English hospital, a fabric of skill and sympathy. Like other devotees of the art and sciences, his devotion to medicine made it to him an exacting mistress, and imbued him with an unconscious profession-al air and an absorbing interest in technicalities. After eyeing me for a short time, he said, with some professional celerity and acuteness that bespoke opinions formed rapidly and relied upon as fair deductions from manifestations that developed themselves:

"You are a friend and, no doubt, lover of Miss Trew? Very curious case: I have made copious notes of the progress of her malady for comment in the *Medical Journal* and in the *Lancet*. Highly interesting though melancholy case. No outward reason whatever for its deplorable result."

Professional and natural as his talk might have been to an unconcerned hearer, it was intolerable to me, and I rose impatiently.

"Will she die?" I asked, though my own heart readily answered the question.

He stared somewhat in surprise.

"Bear it like a man," he said; "it is the common fate. Sooner or later the end must come. Call it a decree of Providence, a harsh stroke of fortune, what matters it? Even you, unacquainted doubtless with medicine, unused to death-beds, must know that that look, that beauty and expression, come only to those who see across the threshold, and know, if they could only tell, what is on the other side. It is a very curious case," he continued musingly; "closely allied, in my opinion, to nostolgia, which it cannot be, of course. Upon my word," he continued, "during my many wanderings I have observed the same results, and a very similar if not identical series of developments in—excuse the irrepressible comparison—the Simian species, and Kanakas, and other black fellows. Death by determined volition I call it. I have seen monkeys taken from India die in far less time than their abstinence from food would warrant. I saw once three Solomon islanders, tied up and flogged for an atrocity in Fiji, die in their bonds without any cause explicable by science—died, sir, because they wished to do so; and a *post mortem* revealed nothing whatever. Strange that this highly interesting caprice of nature should come under my individual notice, in first the higher order of vertebrate animals unendowed with reason, then in the lowest type of man, and now in an intelligent young lady—as fair a specimen of nearly adult female humanity as could be imagined."

"To what do you attribute the serious nature of the illness?" I asked.

"The only ailment my diagnosis and careful study of the case" he said, "reveals is the general result of cold, which has affected the bronchial system and the lungs; but so far as the theory I have set up in my own mind goes—and I would stake my professional reputation upon it—I see nothing in the actual physical developments of disease to warrant fatality. My hypothesis of volition I dare not admit, because surgery does not recognize it. Old women and sentimental persons would attribute it to, perhaps, a broken heart; but surgery declines—and very properly, I think—to accept any such cause of fatal illness—that is, as an immediate cause. Fretting and lowness of spirits add undoubtedly to accelerate disease. We know of many cases where fright has actually brought on fatal illness; but in those instances disease lurked in the air or was hidden in food or drink. This is no organic malady."

"How long is it since you were called in?" I broke in, anxious to stop talk, to me, callous discussion of my darling's fast-ebbing life.

"About a fortnight ago," he replied; "was sent for by the landlady. Thought it was a case of feverish lassitude superinduced by a neglected cold. I had not attended many days when my death-by-volition theory *would* obtrude itself. I called in a professional friend to consult, and he predicted that fever would set in and disease of the lungs follow. Neither do so far as I can ascertain, has eventuated, though the young lady is both feverish and suffering from irregularity of the pneumonial organs. It is a remarkable case."

"And," I asked, "how long"—I could get no further, but looked at the doctor, fearing to break down again.

"Now," he said, "you are taking this very badly, and I must own that I—used as I am daily to see the young and fair snatched away, and inured as I have become to such things—*I* feel touched and shocked by the case. The young lady is charming, even in spite of her distressing condition, and I can imagine the grief of anyone who has ever more than esteem and admiration for her. Yet I cannot with any professional honesty give you hopes of a recovery. But call in some eminent practitioner; ask Beaney to a consultation: he is called a quack, and the profession are down on him, but in spite of his vagaries and his inordinate love for notoriety, champagne and diamonds I believe in him; for I hold that any man with his opportunities for observation, past and present, must be an idiot if he does not gain experience, which is better than a lifetime of theoretic fumbling after medical truths. I should say Beaney, but there is James, or old Gilbee; Collins street will furnish you with a host of medical nabobs; but if any of them effect a cure, I'll relinquish practice. I have no trustworthy medical orthodox symptoms to guide me, but I never was mistaken in that "far-away" look, that extension of vision across the border; the gate's ajar for her, sir, depend upon it."

He left me then and went to Grace, and reported after his visit a wonderful change, but not one for the better, from a doctor's point of view. He noticed complete resignation and total absence of pain. "Volition victorious over medical skill and sound organism," he said as he made some notes in his pocketbook.

I flew to Grace as soon as he was gone, and told her my determination to obtain the most distinguished medical aid. This she absolutely refused.

"Trevor," she said "I know it is useless, and if it could be of service I should decline it. What does it matter now? A few years and our reunion, which will be far better than any troubled earthly one, must take place. Your earthly pilgrimage will be hard, perhaps, but the certainty that I have only gone before must cheer it."

"Grace," I said "you are cruel. The doctor tells me, though not in so many words, that you could get better if you wished."

"Hush!" she replied, "you forget that I am but a poor weak mortal, an agent, bound to obey a higher dictate."

Again I refused consolation or obedience. I vowed to seek the fiendish Nita and wreak vengeance upon her, even if I paid the penalty of my life.

Grace's shocked manner recalled me, and in a few moments I found myself repeating after her the solemn words: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Then Grace sank back exhausted by her task of bringing me to reason.

Presently she said softly: "Trevor."

I was by her side in an instant.

"Trevor, I am leaving you in a troubled world, beset by many temptations, but I am less fearful of you because, besides the natural goodness of your nature, you will have me with you in spirit to guide and cheer you."

I could only sit and press her hand.

"I need not ask you to be true to me; your wife in all eternity though no earthly bonds bind us."

I sobbed rather than made any verbal reply.

"If you leave Melbourne, visit my grave occasionally; it will not help you to commune with my spirit, for that will be with you wherever you are, but I shall feel happier if I know that you are near my mortal remains."

A great flood of tears was my only reply.

She lay very still, gazing away in the distance, and I sat in an ecstacy of grief.

How long we remained thus I do not know, but the sun went down, throwing lovely shadows on the winding Yarra, and lighting up with a final brightness the verdure and water and expanse of field and villa and town before it made way for a solemn pall that appeared to me to envelope the suburb.

The nurse looked in, and retired at a gesture from me.

Presently Grace started, and half rose, as if involuntarily.

"Trevor," she said, wanderingly.

"I am here, darling."

"You will come to me?"

"Yes, darling, yes."

"Unsained, for my sake, to meet me on the other shore?"

"I will," I answered.

"And you will forgive?"

I hesitated, and she repeated with unearthly solemnity:

"As we forgive those who trespass against us."

To which I softly said: "Amen."

Then she gave a greater start, and stretched out one hand while the other tightened its grasp on mine. She looked intently upwards, smiling with angelic sweetness, crying:

"I come to rest;" and whispered to me: "You will follow, unstained by hate or aught of earth."

"I will follow," I said, "as free from anything sinful as man can be."

Once more she smiled at the ceiling and once on me, pointing upwards, and gave out her life in one sigh as peacefully as a little child falling asleep.

I was imprinting a kiss on her lips, yet warm and glowing, when the doctor entered, followed by another.

"Here," he said, "this will never do;" but on seeing Grace he drew me away. "She belongs neither to science nor to you," he said.

To which I replied "To science, no; to me, *forever*."

There was a deep pause and strict silence as the narrative finished.

Presently the woman said quietly: "And the justice of Heaven, has it overtaken the wicked dark woman?"

"The justice of Heaven," echoed Trevor Leigh, "who can understand it? Last year, when over in Melbourne to visit Grace's grave, I saw 'Nita Fernendoes' above a door, and learnt that she was doing a thriving business."

"I'd a broken her back with a shovel," said Scrammy Jack.

"Tush!" said the woman, "these things are better left to parsons, and those as understand 'em. Come! it is getting late, we will have a cup of tea and go home."

THE END.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy—Sentimental Ballads—Comic Songs—Theatrical Jokes —Circus Reminiscences—Old Playbills—Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE MODEL SCENIC ARTIST.

We take pleasure in introducing to your notice Mr. Vandyke Bierstadt Bibbs, the model scenic artist of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. Mr. B. is, as you perceive, engaged upon a work of absorbing interest and extraordinary artistic merit. This masterpiece is none other than the front of a house, in which Mr. B. is conceded to be without a rival. Indeed, it was painting the front of a house which formed the beginning of Mr. B.'s illustrious career. He is also remarkably good at interior prison scenes, having enjoyed unusual facilities (during a three-years and-a-half residence in Sing Sing) for studying this style of architecture. Mr. Bibbs is equally strong as a draughtsman and colorist. He draws with great rapidity, acquired in part from his experience in the Bologna Academy on the Bowery, where he was often obliged to draw three hundred schooners an hour. In coloring he has bold, original, but never gaudy. The illustration does not show it; but Mr. B.'s nose, which was colored wholly by his own efforts, is a rare specimen of what patience and good spirits may accomplish. We have adopted the excellent method of turning over the MSS. of all new plays to our scenic artist, who decides whether or not they shall be produced. If Mr. B. thinks the play offers opportunities for the exhibition of his strong points, he accepts it; otherwise, it is returned to the author. It rarely happens that our scenic artist is not called out on a first night, and the critics invariably devote more space to Mr. B.'s share in the new piece than they do to the actors. Which is well for Mr. B.—and better for the actors.

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN.) AS RECITED BY GUS WILLIAMS.

The woman was old, and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a Winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.
At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school out,"
Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Halting the snow piled white and deep,
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last, came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go!"

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's 'Somebody's Mother,' boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor and slow;
And someone, some time, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?—
If ever she's poor, alid old and gray,
And her own dear boy is far away.

"Somebody's Mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is *Somebody's Son*, and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But Heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

GREATNESS IN WAX.

These three distinguished characters are herewith presented for your approbation in wax. You may have noticed that only distinguished characters ever figure in wax. A man must murder his grandmother, or invent a telephone, or blow up a ship with dynamite, or achieve greatness in some other way before he can hope to be waxed. The first of these figures, the one to the left, is a startlingly life-like reproduction of a gentleman who formerly resided in New Jersey, and who grasped the bubble of fame by providing bodies for medical colleges. He was an eminently respectable man, and it is estimated that he contributed at least five hundred bodies for purposes of dissection. Where he got them remains a mystery. He was waxed in the interests of science. The figure in the centre is the illustrious Prof. Pollycod, who successfully poisoned four wives and was at work on the fifth when the law ruthlessly cut short his glorious career. The professor finds a perpetuati n of his virtues in wax. The third figure is that of an ex-bank president (the bank made its exit some time ago) who was convicted of stealing the depositors' money, sent to prison, and there displayed such executive ability that he worked his way out in three weeks. Wax is none too good for such a man. The history of these distinguished characters may serve as an example for others who are desirous of shining in wax after death.

LISTEN TO THE OLD CHURCH-BELL.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Floating down the sunny vale,
Wafted over brook and dell,
On the Summer's perfumed gale
Comes the chiming of the bell;
Soft and low it sways along,
Up and down in fitful swell,
Still the same sweet, happy sound—
Listen to the old church-bell.
Chorus.
Sweet and low, and to and fro,
Up and down in fitful swell,
Ring the chimes in happy tones—
Listen to the old church bell.

Many years I've passed afar
From the old church in the dell,
Yet sweet memories wakened are
By the voice of that old bell;

Visions come and visions go,
More than words of mine can tell,
And my heart sways to and fro
Listening to the old church-bell.
Chorus.—Sweet and low, etc.

When the stars above the vale
Smile upon the peaceful dell,
Then at vesper-hour a tale
Chimes the gently swinging bell.
Tales of youth and life's fair May
Crowned with love's sweet magic spell,
Where my heart delights to stray
List

BILLIARDS.

THE TOURNAMENT.

Schaefer Wins First Prize, $1,000—He Averages 85.5-7 against Slosson, who himself Averages 81.4-7 and Runs 464—Slosson's Astounding Grand-average of 37.62-105 in 2,947 Points—He Gets Second Prize ($600) and Daly and Sexton Tie for Third ($300) and Fourth ($200).

Resuming where we left off last week, the first contest to chronicle is the twenty-second of the series, played on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 4, the contestants being Sexton and Heiser, the latter completing his complement of seven games, in which he has scored one victory, the victim being Rudolphe. Sexton in this game reached his twentieth "freeze" since the tournament began; and but for the fact that he got in a run of 128 in the fifth inning, and played more cautiously against the end of the fifth than he might otherwise have done, Heiser than he had against Gallagher, he could easily have been captured on this occasion. As it was, though he had at one time a lead of 289 to 176, it was soon reduced to 87 points, and Heiser's total (367) when game ended was far greater than against any other contestant except Rudolphe and Gallagher. His best run was but two points short of Sexton's.

GAME NO. 2—TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 4—AVERAGES—Winner, 15.15-39; loser, 9.25-38.

SEXTON.			HEISER.			SEXTON.			HEISER.		
Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.
1	7		4	0		21	82	353	0	156	
2	0		1	5		22	3	356	2	158	
3	18	25	21	26	25	8	344	13	171		
4	0	25	2	28	34	32	386	0	171		
5	128	153	79	107	39	10	396	5	176		
6	2	155	0	107	26	4	400	126	302		
7	0	155	18	125	27	5	394	0	302		
8	10	165	4	129	28	21	415	4	306		
9	4	169	0	129	29	18	433	1	307		
10	11	180	1	130	30	32	465	0	307		
11	37	217	0	130	31	1	466	1	308		
12	28	245	6	136	32	31	497	0	308		
13	7	252	4	14	33	42	539	1	309		
14	8	260	2	142	34	5	554	16	325		
15	1	261	0	142	35	12	566	2	327		
16	0	261	0	142	36	0	566	26	353		
17	1	262	6	148	37	18	584	1	354		
18	13	274	7	155	38	3	587	13	367		
19	0	274	1	156	39	13	600				
20	7	281	0	156							

Slight as the attendance was on Monday night, it was fully fifty per cent. lighter on the succeeding one, confirming the theory that the interests of the tournament had, through an unwise tabling of games, been sacrificed to the interests of a player. Not so fortunate in getting as long odds as when he encountered Sexton the week before, Rudolphe laid $20 against $100 as to Slosson's beating him. It was twenty dollars thrown away; for George has so far proved himself the strongest player, by nearly the odds of discount, in this tourney, his "grand average" being almost as great as Sexton's or Schaefer's best "single average." In the third inning, after a series of scattered shots, he brought the balls together on the head cushion; at 117 he turned the right upper corner; at 156 the left upper was passed; at 221 he approached Sexton's Horror No. 1, and began to hit harder and nurse wide balls; by the time he had dodged the Horror he was all broken up, but he drove one ball around and brought all nearly into the right lower corner, which he turned at 277; upward along the right-hand rail he now patted them tenderly, but they broke at 366, and he next assembled them in the upper rail, where he had started. To make the conclave compact, a gentle "follow-shot" was necessary when he had scored 270. Instead of one more to foot up 271, he made two. This, possible in the old American game of billiards, is not permissible in the three-ball game, and it closed his run at 270. It may be necessary to explain that the two more he made were two strokes with his cue at the "follow-shot." Rudolphe, ranging the object-balls on the head cushion, made about fifteen shots by scarcely moving them, and 45 altogether by his system of nursing. Slosson followed, and at his tenth carom he got the ivories on the upper rail; at 71, just before he fairly entered Sexton's Horror No. 1, he "froze," and his run ended at 82. Two innings afterwards, at his seventh shot, he "froze" again at Sexton's Horror No. 3 on the right lower rail, on which he reassembled them on his sixtieth carom, to slip up at 117 on an easy carom, which he missed by going to the cushion and then not cutting the first ball as "fine" as he had intended. A little more care with respect to this stroke, or playing it in another way, would have enabled him to run out the game, which was the last in the 19th inning, by coaxing the balls into position after he had skirmished all over the table for about the first twenty caroms. Thus, with no run above 270, Slosson again averaged 75. It was the finest display of billiards we ever saw, unless is brought into comparison that totally different kind of three-ball caroms when Rudolphe beat Cook on a 6x12 six-pocket table, with soft-rubber cushions. It was not an uninterrupted rail-nursing, for once Slosson had to deliberately play so as to risk breaking up the balls, in order to avoid a freeze; and twice he actually froze, so that the caroms which followed were the result of two successful strokes off spotted balls. In yet another respect the game is remarkable. Beginning with Rudolphe's lead-off stroke, neither player ever approached the table without counting. The nearest approaches to it were the game between Cyrille Dion and Sexton, in which Sexton, freezing at 164, ran 287 and averaged 60, having incurred but one cipher, while Dion had incurred none; and the game between Joseph Dion and Louis Shaw, in which the former, without a cipher, averaged 50, though Shaw had two ciphers. Bornier has also made his highest average without incurring "a round Robin," though his opponent caught one. The score of the Rudolphe-Slosson game follows:

GAME NO. 23—TUESDAY NIGHT, FEB. 4—AVERAGES—Winner, 75.1; loser, 1.1-43.

RUDOLPHE.			SLOSSON.			RUDOLPHE.			SLOSSON.		
Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.
1	1		10			5	45	88	82	386	
2	30	31	0	18		6	5	93	16	402	
3	5	36	270	288		7	2	95	117	519	
4	4	40	16	304		8	2	94	81	600	

On Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 5, Maurice Daly, although in his three highest runs scoring 354 points, while Rudolphe never got above 64, was scarcely able to stem the weakness of the latter's play, and finally won by two points only, leaving the loser, as occasionally happens with the better "average" of the two.

GAME NO. 24—WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 5—AVERAGES—Winner, 14.26-41; loser, 14.20-41.

DALY.			RUDOLPHE.			DALY.			RUDOLPHE.		
Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.
1	4		3			22	6	343	2	325	
2	0		1			23	7	350	28	353	
3	25	29	1	4		24	1	351	3	356	
4	7	36	0	4	25	4	355	43	397		
5	20	56	0	4	26	7	362	0	397		
6	2	58	0	4	27	3	365	0	397		
7	0	58	64	67	28	3	368	55	452		
8	1	59	14	81	29	3	371	0	452		
9	1	60	3	84	30	2	373	0	452		
10	2	62	3	87	31	3	376	0	452		
11	2	64	9	96	32	1	377	0	452		
12	3	67	0	96	33	1	378	0	452		
13	3	70	0	96	34	1	379	0	452		
14	3	73	0	96	35	1	380	0	452		
15	1	74	0	96	36	1	381	0	452		
16	1	75	0	96	37	1	382	0	452		
17	1	76	0	96	38	1	383	0	452		
18	1	77	0	96	39	1	384	0	452		
19	1	78	0	96	40	1	385	0	452		
20	1	79	0	96	41	1	386	0	452		
21	1	80	0	96	42	1	387	0	452		

—WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 5—AVERAGES—Winner, 14.26-41; loser, 14.20-41.

SEXTON.			SCHAEFER.			SEXTON.			SCHAEFER.		
Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.
1	0		2			15	0	92	5	290	
2	4		150			16	4	96	0	290	
3	1	5	1	153		17	0	96	0	290	
4	28	33	9	162		18	4	100	42	332	
5	38	71	0	162		19	20	120	0	332	
6	3	74	23	185		20	2	122	25	357	
7	11	85	3	187		21	0	122	5	364	
8	0	85	6	193		22	9	131	9	373	
9	0	85	1	194		23	0	131	0	373	
10	0	85	89	283		24	0	131	0	373	
11	2	87	1	284		25	5	136	131	635	
12	4	91	1	285		26	9	147	44	677	
13	1	92	0	285		27	22	169	23	600	
14	2	94	20	305							

The afternoon of the 6th inst. saw Garnier and Rudolphe at day's work. The game did not begin until 2.45, and it was not over until 6 o'clock. While Garnier was painfully winning it, Rudolphe was developing the muscles of his right shoulder by practicing vigorous masse strokes, thus needlessly indenting the cloth and creating hollows in it for Slosson to fall against while nursing at night.

GAME NO. 26—THURSDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 6—AVERAGES—Winner, 8.64-67; loser, 7.36-67.

RUDOLPHE.			GARNIER.			RUDOLPHE.			GARNIER.		
Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.
1	5		9			35	1	351	1	293	
2	12	17	3	12		36	1	352	0	293	
3	0	17	2	14		37	10	362	1	294	
4	17	34	2	16		39	2	366	0	294	
5	34	51	2	18		39	2	368	0	294	
6	4	55	0	18		40	8	374	4	298	
7	2	57	0	18		41	1	375	2	300	
8	24	81	5	23		42	9	384	67	367	
9	9	90	1	24		43	6	390	37	404	
10	3	93	15	41		44	2	392	4	408	
11	97	190	0	41		45	3	395	17	425	
12	0	190	0	41		46	16	411	5	430	
13	4	165	0	41		47	1	412	2	432	
14	10	175	0	41		48	18	430	1	433	
15	1	176	10	51		49	0	430	0	433	
16	3	227	97	157		50	0	430	0	433	
17	4	231	0	157		51	0	430	0	433	
18	0	231	9	166		52	0	430	0	433	
19	34	265	57	223		53	0	430	2	435	
20	6	261	0	223		54	22	452	0	435	
21	0	261	3	226		55	0	452	9	474	
22	9	270	1	227		56	0	452	24	448	
23	0	270	13	240		57	0	452	23	471	
24	0	309	4	244		58	1	453	0	468	
25	0	309	0	244		59	2	465	2	470	
26	5	309	1	245		60	0	465	0	470	
27	14	323	24	269		61	2	467	2	472	
28	4	327	0	269		63	2	475	23	495	
29	0	327	1	270		63	17	492	0	495	
30	0	327	0	270		64	1	493	61	556	
31	0	327	0	270		65	4	497	3	559	
32	6	345	35	305		66	2	499	3	562	
33	0	345	4	309		67	6	505	34	600	
34	6	351	3	312							

Gallagher, who had done his best playing when encountering Sexton, bade fair to repeat it in his game with Slosson, as in the fifth inning, after having made 60 in various parts of the table, he "rallied" the balls, and nursed them up to 187, when a failure to *masser* sent him to his seat. During the latter part of this run, the whole of which he owed to Slosson's having jumped his ball when he had sought to "draw" it, Gallagher "lost the rail," though having the balls still on it; for he got turned round, and was playing the right-hand rail downwards—in other words, it was a right-handed player doing cross-eyed billiards. Slosson, when Gallagher slipped up in the centre of that rail, hit his ball twice, as when he played Rudolphe; and Gallagher, unlike Rudolphe, claimed that the balls should be replaced, which put them in a heap just where Gallager's futile *masse* had left them for Slosson. The claim, after having been excitedly urged by Gallagher, was allowed; but Gallagher, in his perturbed state, at once made an Irish carom, and Slosson both astonished and amused the one hundred or more non-professionals present by claiming foul. After all his pains to get the "break," Gallagher had begun by playing with Slosson's ball! There was much merriment for a time, Gallagher joining in the laugh against himself. Then Slosson played and counted, and the result of this scene was that he made 221 caroms, to which, in one sense, he was not entitled. However, this made a stand-off with his opponent; for at another time Gallagher made a *faux-pas*, Slosson claimed it, and Gallagher's action seemed to suggest that he was conscious of what he had done; but, like the boy upon the burning deck, he stood at his post, chancing a decision. It was at least an even thing that it would be against Slosson; and when it came, it was that a seemingly clear foul was a fair shot. In the run that Slosson started with an unclaimed foul he got the balls on the upper rail, and rolled them over and over along the left-hand rail, passed Sexton's Horror No. 1 without breaking them up (the first time he had done it since he from them at 271 in playing Daly), froze on the lower rail at 141, and at 221 stopped through missing a "follow" that comprehended the bringing of the balls together at the middle of the right rail. The fifteenth inning he started with a splendid half follow that sent his opponent's white down and up the table, and brought all the balls together in the right upper corner, whence he urged them over to the left rail, along which he worked them up until he reached Horror No. 1, where, to avoid a probable "freeze," he broke them up at 93, as he had also done at that spot when he reached 216 in his earlier run of 221. Bringing them together again, in the left lower corner, he kept counting until he had reached 226, when, with 34 to go, he missed an easy one. But for Rudolphe's shoulder prints in the cloth, Slosson would have finished the game in this inning at least. It took him seven more to pull through, notwithstanding these he was aided by a most stupendous scratch in the twentieth inning, his ball having gone around the table and taken three or four cushions, where he had intended to take none and to count by a "kiss" from red to white, a distance of two feet. After having made that 187, Gallagher never got even double figures again until the sixteenth inning, when a pretty run of 62—in which he froze at 37, and at 39 made a pronounced miscue, but without missing the shot—rewarded studious play. His score when Slosson closed the game was 321. He has made a total of one more point than Sexton, his grand-average falls but about eight per cent. below Sexton's, and the aggregate of his best runs—whether we regard those of 100 or over, or only the highest in every game—also surpasses Sexton's. In only one game (against Daly) has Gallagher failed to run 100, and against Sexton he ran 100 or over twice.

GAME NO 27—THURSDAY NIGHT, FEB. 6—AVERAGES—Winner, 27.6-22; loser, 15.6-21.

SLOSSON.			GALLAGHER.			SLOSSON.			GALLAGHER.		
Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.		
1	61		0		12	7	323	3	233		
2	0		3	3	13	4	336	2	235		
3	1	62	0	3	14	0	336	0	235		
4	0	62	34	37	15	236	572	0	235		
5	23	85	187	224	16	0	572	63	297		
6	0	85	1	225	17	15	587	4	301		
7	2	87	2	227	18	1	588	2	303		
8	57	144	0	227	19	5	593	9	312		
9	221	365	1	228	20	6	599	1	313		
10	6	314	3	231	21	1	600	8	321		
11	1	315	0	231	22	4	604				

The twenty-eighth and last regular game of the tournament was reserved for the night of Friday, the contestants being Slosson and Schaefer. The hall was filled almost as when Schaefer and Sexton played. There were vacant seats in plenty; but as, since a view from these seats was impossible, it may be said that quite as many stood up as there were chairs to hold them, and therefore the attendance was fully equal to the seating capacity of the hall. Slosson won the lead at 8.20, counted and ran 15, closing with a failure to *masser* a stroke that was by no means easy, and that was attempted only because success promised an inviting array of balls. Schaefer came after with 12, all very neatly scored, and then Slosson, making 9, finished by missing another *masse*, at which he seemed almost as feeble as Schaefer had been in encountering Sexton. It was again Schaefer's turn, but no carom rewarded his efforts, and while some of the spectators contented themselves with merely guying, others who were equally as forgetful of themselves and the occasion had the turpitude to hiss. Slosson imitated his antagonist in cipherring, and he too was hissed. There was impartiality at least, where delicacy was lacking. In the fourth inning, after having diligently labored to attain that end, the player who seems fated never to win the championship or even the first prize in a tournament brought the balls together, but a *masse* caused them to evince too much fondness for each other, and it was deemed fitter for their morals that the marker should place them almost five feet apart. For the second time the player's ball rolled slowly up through the medium of two cushions, from deeper rail to spot—the "kiss" being lost. Slosson's was more than he could accomplish, and he retired with his total at 95. Schaefer made but 1, and Slosson in his fifth inning caught his second cipher, much to the disgust of a rather considerable portion of the spectators, who have become so accustomed to runs of 50 and upwards that they expect the striker to count always, no matter how the balls lie. In his sixth inning Slosson ran rallied and left the balls in a carom, by which he accumulated in handsome style, though baffled at every attempt to assemble the balls in an auspicious position. At last, his twenty-ninth shot brought them together in the right upper corner, and at 63 he turned the left one. At 102, and again at 113, his opponent claimed "Foul!" it being a peculiarity of Slosson's gentle *masse* that as it first glances they look like pushes, without being such. The referee overruled Schaefer's claims, and Slosson resumed his walk. At 142 he approached that Horror on the last quarter of the left rail, and then he began to put more weight into his strokes, separating the balls to prevent a "freeze," but never letting go of them, however, carrying them all the way across the lower rail, up the left one, along the upper, and as far as the right-hand upper corner, which he turned at his 300th stroke. The hand-clapping, heel-tapping and cane-rapping mingled now as one. These manifestations continuing, Slosson chalked his cue and looked at the balls, which were in gleaming proximity. Two of them were "tight," and one of them was of course Slosson's. It is clear that the vibration of the table, during those few seconds of applause, caused the "freeze," the slightest jar in the atmosphere, if cloth or ball were in the least uneven, would have sufficed. Mercilessly the marker's "bridge" raked the balls away from that fatal corner, and two of them were again spotted. For the third time did Slosson make what to the nurser is the most annoying of caroms, and in five shots more he had gathered his balls again in the lower rail, near the foot of the table. Softly he stroked them past the left lower corner, next past the right one, and upward along the right-hand rail once more. The applause as every successive fifty was called was heard more than liberal. When 400 was reached, it was terrific. It seemed as if, could the player remain unaffected by the excitement that was making hundreds around him absolutely wild, he would fall off running at the game. But when "442!" was the call, it seemed as if pandemonium had upreared itself from beneath the foundations of the hall, carrying the foundations with it. It was a marvel that the player, who must have been less than human if he could resist sharing in the madness of the hour, had not missed ere this in sheer blindness superinduced by excitability. But Slosson still held on and on. Many men had long before put on their coats, satisfied that he who had such a command over the balls, and who could so readily extricate himself from the dilemma in which adverse fortune had twice placed him by transforming his ball into an icicle, must keep on until the goal was reached; and in remaining in their seats they were rewarded by hearing any fear that he would miss, than by a desire to have it to say hereafter that they once saw a run of 505, and a match won by a score of 600 to 19. Slosson himself, so near the goal, was now more anxious than ever to reach it. Lured by the seeming certainty of an unparalleled "average" of 100, and forgetting that even then he was to be beating only his own heretofore unmatched figures, he made haste to finish the game. Here was his error; but what other player would not have committed it? At 488, with the balls on the upper rail, and as well placed as at any other time, his haste caused him to "freeze" once more. Perhaps some player in an earlier game had at that point hammered the balls; but it must be said that there might have been no "freeze" had Slosson not played so gently, and he would probably have hit a trifle harder had he paused a half second to think. "Hasten slowly" is the Italian's maxim, but Slosson is not an Italian; and no Italian that ever lived would in that position, and at that stage of the game, have played differently. All of us can now see that he was in a hurry, he could not have "frozen," and that if he should not "freeze" later on he would have run out the game; but all of us who are not purblind can also see that no player but Slosson could ever have run 458 under the same circumstances. When he froze, there was a groan of bitter disappointment in many a quarter, for he deserved better of Fortune. Everybody thought that, after so long a strain, his nerve would be tempted to the back-cushion counting from spotted balls. Yet he did take that trying shot for the fourth successful time that night, but he was unable to quickly bring the balls together again, and at 464 he missed at last. Round upon round of applause followed as the player took his seat: he had to rise and bow his thanks, and even a speech was called for. Looked at from the experts' standpoint, and was it not? what followed? Only cast a gloom over Slosson's "vaulting ambition o'erleaped itself." When he froze for the third time, he should not have risked the spot-shot for the fourth time, but should have played deliberately for safety, and again and again with the secret object whenever he had not a sure carom. The adherents of his antagonist would have roundly hissed and otherwise condemned him; but he would have won the game, and his own partisans would in other respects have equalized matters by applauding where now, as losers, they condemn. Could Slosson have known what was coming, he certainly would have resorted to defensive tactics. He himself had fairly earned every carom of that 464. Not a "kiss" aided it nor a "scratch" prolonged. There was not a particle of luck in the whole run, not a "freeze," in "freezing" he was being able to get a set-up after the fourth count from spotted balls. It was not to be thus with Schaefer. Every carom was labor to him now. After a few shots, he in sheer desperation essayed a "draw." Not much could come of it even if he brought the first object-ball back nicely. Lacking confidence in his ability to pull back, he hit his ball fifty per cent. harder than there was any necessity for, and so hard that the second ball struck, instead of being driven to and made to stop at the centre of the lower cushion, came out from it a foot. Up and down the table, in a straight line, speeded the first object-ball. It would hit the lower or second cushion, and stop at least six feet off. Three balls were in motion, however. There was a vigorous "kiss," which of itself would have helped the striker but little; but there came a second "kiss," and the result was that the two object-balls were tossed over towards the right lower corner, and a gentle stroke rolled them over onto the rail. Schaefer needed all the aid that all the "kisses" of a night could give him; but if there is no distinction to be drawn between "dumb luck" and clear, thoughtful and systematically provident billiards, then it is folly for people to attempt to draw any line between "rail-nursing" and open play around the table. Playing around the table requires thought. The man who thinks before he plays a shot must be perplexed by doubt and uncertainty—in other words, he must "weaken." The way that Schaefer played that draw-shot, exhausting himself to pull his own ball back, showed that he had weakened, as every player must who stands at 19 in a 600-point game in which his opponent has but 41 to go. But the nursing all comes to grief at last, as many had supposed it to be. With thumb and finger plying the butt of his cue, nursing with Schaefer is purely mechanical, and all that he does in that line is due to absolute steadiness. There is no fluster, he is never in haste, and even his steps are uniform. He must nurse the balls precisely so, or not at all. When the balls break up, Slosson has still some command over them; but with Schaefer, as a rule, they take wings and fly away, and he requires another inning to get another opportunity to nurse. Once his machine gets out of gear, it is not easy for him to readjust it. His machine-like process may well be called an "escapement movement," since he seldom incurs a "freeze." Making the circuit of the table nearly once and a half, his ball never got cold on Friday night, and he did not begin to break up the set until he had scored 258. After making 25 more, or 283 in all, he missed on a left-handed shot. The run was hailed by the spectators as a plucky effort, regardless of the accident that furnished the opportunity. Slosson now made 12, when a "kiss" put him out of both count and a good position. Slosson, reason some, might better have played for safety. Even had he done so, it is not so clear that Schaefer's ball would not have jumped the table, struck one of the iron posts, returned to the table, made a carom, and set the balls up; for his luck was equal to anything, however prodigious. Possibly Slosson reasoned that lightning would not strike his antagonist in two successive innings. He was entirely mistaken. Once more Schaefer came to the table, and again essayed a draw-shot. So far as he was responsible for it he missed it badly; but that medl became object-ball, returning, again came in contact with the player's, "tinning" the latter onto the third ball, and giving the striker a fresh lease of life. Thus again favored by Fortune, the next few strokes by Schaefer were creditable billiards, and sufficed to again twirl the balls ever onto the rail at the lower end, and once more he set his machine in operation. Along the lower rail, the right-hand one, then the upper, next the left, then the lower once more, that thumb and finger moved just so much so many times, and finally, as no "freeze" interposed, came the call "286 and game!" Thus was achieved the most remarkable victory ever recorded, and at the same time was sounded the death-knell of rail-nursing. Some system of play will now have to be devised that calls for a billiard-table. Slosson and Schaefer, and it is especially true of the latter, have little need for even a cushion. A stretched cord, four slats of wood, anything to keep the balls from losing their balance and falling off onto the floor, is all they want. Luck or no luck, when it is possible at any system of billiards for a man to be beaten in two innings who has run 464 and needs but 41 to the other's 581, it is time for that system to be taken seriously in hand by others besides the players. There is much merit in rail-nursing, as we have always maintained, as there was much merit in John McDevitt's performance at the four-ball game, as we used always to maintain. Rail-nursing should not be abolished altogether, but that which is thoughtful in it as well as mechanical should be placed upon a higher plane than that which is purely mechanical; and at another time we shall treat this subject at greater length. The loser's run of 464 is the largest on record. The winner's average (85.5-7) is the best on record, and he thus acquires $1,000 in money and an emblem typical of a "championship of the world" at the three-ball game.

GAME NO 28—FRIDAY NIGHT, FEB. 7—AVERAGES—Winner, 85.5-7 loser, 81.4-7.

SLOSSON.			SCHAEFER.			SLOSSON.			SCHAEFER.		
Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.	Inn.	Count.	Tot.	Count.	Tot.		
1	15		13			5	0	95	5	19	
2	9	24	0			6	464	559	253	302	
3	0	24	1	15		7	13	571	298	600	
4	71	95	14								

Appended is a table showing the score every player made against every other, and per consequence the number of games he won or lost:

PLAYERS.	Garnier	Schaefer	Gallagher	Rudolphe	Heiser	Daly	Slosson	Sexton	Won.	Lost.
Garnier	..	429	587	600	600	600	345	449†	3	4
Schaefer	600	..	600	600†	600	600	600	600†	7	0
Gallagher	600	376	..	439	600	294	321	600	3	4
Rudolphe	505	296	600	..	423	505	94	529	1	6
Heiser	194	253	441	600	..	100	113	367	1	6
Daly	600	600	600	600	600	..	600	284	4	3
Slosson	600	571	600	600	600	576	..	600	5	2
Sexton	600	169	328	600	600	600	87	..	4	3

By the subjoined table, giving the total points and innings of every player, his best run and best average, and also his grand-average, it will be seen that Slosson's grand-average, or general play, was about thirty per cent. better than Schaefer's, which latter was twice as good as Sexton's, and about thirty-three per cent. better than the third-best (Daly's).

	Tot. Points.	Best Inn.	Best Run.	Grand Ave.
Garnier	3510	39 13-21	200	14.16-240
Schaefer	4200	85.5-7	376	28.28-149
Gallagher	3180	20.	187	13.103-229
Rudolphe	2904	15.	159	10.144-276
Heiser	3363	11.39-51	158	11.307-345
Daly	2969	30.	370	18.122-158
Slosson	3947	75.	464	37.62-105
Sexton	3179	40.	214	14.163-214

The number of points scored by all the players was 25,932 in 1,613 innings, which makes the grand average of all 16.07, or 16.124-1613. On an inside page will be found a table of additional analyses, together with reasons in brief for the plan THE CLIPPER has already suggested, in private, for a game that shall still be lively and attractive, without giving free rein to rail-nursing.

ATHLETIC.

DANIELS OUTSPEEDS HAYDOCK.

The fifty-mile match between those New-England walkers Charles P. Daniels, who left the amateur to join the professional ranks last year, and John Haydock, who has figured on the pedestrian track for a number of years past, scarcely with the most encouraging success, was brought to a decison at Mechanics' Fair Building, Boston, Mass., on Monday, Feb. 3. They were started at 2 o'clock P. M., Haydock taking the lead and staying in front until the tenth lap of the twenty-fifth mile (thirteen laps to the mile), when his opponent showed how easily he could dispose of a man by spurting ahead and opening a gap of two laps. Then he plodded on as before until he had reached the twelfth circuit of the twenty-eighth mile, when he put it on again, and soon had another lap to his credit. The leader made his first stop on the thirty-first mile, and while he was absent Haydock cut off two of these circuits, and for three miles they traveled along without change, when Daniels passed company and walked ahead another half lap. After completing thirty-nine miles Haydock made a halt of three minutes, and, during his absence from the track, Daniels very obligingly squatted and awaited his return. Upon commencing again the latter went away at a smart pace, and soon was three laps to the good, with which advantage he was content, and thereafter walked in Haydock's track at a close, second and third the distance in 9h. 27m. 3s., two minutes and forty-two seconds ahead. The officials were: J. D. Wayne, referee; C. W. Cohen and Joseph Nelson, scorers; A. L. Estabrook, U. B. Lotts, R. J. Salmon and Edward Curden, timekeepers.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP—ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

The New York Athletic Club have secured Booth's Theatre for the evenings of Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21, 22, when will be held, under the auspices of said organization, the seventh annual assault-at-arms, for the amateur championship of America and valuable trophies. The exercises will embrace sparring (feather, light, middle and heavy weights), wrestling (collar-and-elbow and Greco-Roman), and fencing (foil, single stick and broadsword); gold medals to first and silver to second. Entries close Feb. 14, with the secretary. In case too many entries are received, the number will be limited. An entrance-fee (not returnable) of one dollar per man for each and every game must accompany all entries. And in case any entry is accepted, the person entering will receive a competitor's ticket, which admits him both evenings. Dress must consist of shirt and loose drawers to the knee. No person will be allowed to compete unless properly attired; this rule will be strictly enforced. No competitor will be allowed to enter under a false name, and the right to refuse or strike out any entry is reserved. Members of athletic or rowing associations, unless known to the club, will be required to furnish a certificate of membership, and any person not a member of a recognized club must be properly introduced by some well-known person who can vouch for his being an amateur. For further particulars regarding weights and rules address secretary N. Y. Athletic Club, P. O. Box 3,101, New York.

SCOTTISH AMERICAN A. C.—The first annual Winter games of this club will be held on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28, March 1, at Gilmore's Garden. The programme will be as follows: 75yds. run (handicap); quarter-mile run (handicap); half-mile run; one-mile run (handicap); one-mile walk for those who never beat 8.30; two-mile walk (handicap); three-mile walk; 220yds. hurdle race, 10 hurdles, 2ft. 6in.; 440yds. hurdle race (handicap), 20 hurdles, 2ft. 6in.; three-mile bicycle race; match tug between teams of ten men each from Broadway Squad and Scottish-American Athletic Club, for medals; final tug between teams of ten men each, N. Y. A. C. and S. A. A. C. for gold medals offered by N. Y. A. C. at their games Jan. 3, 4; tug-of-war teams of six men, open only to National Guard, for a set of colors; tug-of-war teams of four men, weight not to exceed 1505lb per man, open to members of athletic and rowing clubs. Gold medals to winning teams. Entries close Feb. 21 with M. E. More, secretary, 329 W. 54th street. Entrance-fee, 50c. per man (not returnable) for each event, entitling competitors to admission both evenings.

HIRAM BURT, one of the brothers who were so easily vanquished by Dufur some time ago, and a man named Masterson, hailing from Weld, Me., engaged in a collar-and-elbow wrestling-match at Monument Hall, Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 4. The pair were evenly matched, but neither is overburdened with knowledge of the science, as was early in the contest

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 10.

LADIES' LIST

Atkinson, Maude (of Em. Stelrm's Co.)
Aiken, Mrs. Julia
Audley, Oley (2)
Aldine, Lizzie
Arnold, Ella
Albee, Portia
Blake, Georgie
Bennett, Eva
Burnett, Tillie
Beaumont, Stella
Britton, Anna
Byron, Mrs. Lizzie
Bennett, Hattie (of Gd Op.-ho., New Haven)
Blanche, Edith
Bosbell, Carrie
Brooks, Mrs. Kate
Coleman, Clara
Cotton, Miss
Courtright, Mrs. Wm.
Cassell, Mrs.
Conroy, Sadie (of Forepaugh's&Lr.)
Castello, Gertie
Ducellos, Mad.
Dark, Lizzie
Dumont, Rose
Daily, Alice (of Fisk's Blondes)
D'Este, Helen
Duclos, Ninon (2 sic.
Delano, Mrs. Fannie
Fielding, Nellie (late of Jersey City)
Franklin, Mabel with Monroe & Gerber)
Farren, Ida
Florence, Gertie
Forster, M. E.
Fields, F. (of Morris & Fields)
Foster, Dare (of Pacheco Bros.)
Fitz, Jr., E. B.
Fielding, John
Granger & Weston
Griffin, Maud
Goodrich, E. T.
Gaston, Albert
Gaylord, A. E.
Grant, Sam (clog gist)
Gardner, Harry
Golden, Master
Gaya, Prof. (magician)
Gorman, Pat (French p. o. m.)
Giovanni, Sig (harmonicon)
Gooding, E. D.
Geyer, F. (of Turnpaugh & Geyer)
Gray, J. M. (of Pastor's Co.)
Hanson, F.
Hands & Hanson)
Horton, Wardy
Herne, Jas. (Irish "bit")
Hutchinson, J. L. (2)
Heinrich, F. (of Dup. & Sen. Min.)
Hildreth, Frank
Humphrey, Chas.
Howe, Frank J.
Hunting, Robt.
Hines, Mr. (Chamnings & Hines)
Holske, E. C. (2)
Healy, Conway & Saunders
Howard, H. T.
Harding, W. E.
Hilereth, F. P.
Hamilton, Arthur
Hogan, John
Hasson, Billy & Nellie
Hart, John
Hanley, M. W.
Hailey, Thos. (side-show "bit")
Hess, C. D.
Hall, H. (of Howorth's Hib.)
Howard, Ruth
Heywood, Wm.
Hogan Bros.
Himball, Jennie
Linden, Jennie (of Op.ho., New Haven)
Lester, Marian (of Grover's Co.)
Lucille, Fannie
Leland, Rose (song-and-dance)
Merton, Emma
Morris, Josie
Martin, Alice
Maynard, Emily
Morgan, Annie
Moore, Clara (of Acad. Mus., Pittsburg)
Markham, Pauline (2)
Morton, Mam'e
Morgan, Jennie (2)
Sc.
Moore, Mary (gymnast)
Maynard, Emelie
Moffitt, Alfa
Morris, Lou (with Konrock & Gerber)
Moore, Sisters, The
Morton, Mrs. J. W.
Nelson, Annie (English p. o. mark)
Pierce, Emma (of Acad. of Mus., N. Orleans)
Rooney, Mrs. Josie
Rainford, Alice
Reynolds, Fannie
Robeson, Erba
Reynold, Kittie
Richardson, Alice
Rinehart, Mrs. S.
Rowland, Sara
Romah, Millie
Stickney, Crisie
Seymour, Mrs. Harry
Sutherland, Agnes (vocalist)
Sanford, Nellie M.
Sanford, Nellie (English p. m.)
Stetson, Sisters
Selwyn, Blanche
Toso, Nettie (late of FortWorth, Tex.)
Van Zandt, Ines
West, Emma
Walby, Josie
Zoula, Millie

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Adler, D. A.
Ahern, Thos.
Allen, F. (of Allen's Comedy Co.)
Bingham, —
Boyd, Jean
Browne, E. (of L. Pomeroy & Co.)
Bingham, — (ventriloquist
Banks, Billy (with Georgia Minst.)
Barnum, H. T. (manager)
Bryant, L. J. (manager)
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Saradell)
Banks, Chas. (comedian)
Brown, O. D. (2)
Brown, Robt. (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Burke, Joseph
Burton & Gaylor (Irish "bits")
Bliss, Geo.
Brazier, L. P.
Burton, Clarance (banjoist)
Bogardus, Capt. A. H.
Banks, W. J. (of Howorth's Co.)
Barry, Billy
Bracigo, Geo.
Bishop, Geo. H.
Brazzier, G. R. (2)
Booth, Edwin
Bidwell, M. (of Ward's Op. ho., Newark)
Burgess, Neil
Bryant & Saltmont
Barnum, P. T.
Cahill, Andy & Carrie
Cooper, C. M. (of Wallace Stat. Co.)
Clute, Eddie
Cody, Hon. W. F.
Colvin, Ed.
Calls, S. B. (gymnast)
Cooper & Bailey's Circus (2)
Coup, W. C. (2)
Clifford, W. F.
Clark, W. (of Emerson & Clark)
Clifford, Ed.
Combs, G. P.
Cole's Circus, W. W
Coleman, J. A.
Carey, Thos.
Callender, Chas.
Cotton, Frank (comedian)
Chatterton, W. S.
Coburn, Mike
Connor, Chas.
Carow, Jr., Kit
Carroll, J. C. (ventriloquist)
Connors, Frank
Chase, Chas. S.
Carpenter, A. E. (mesmerist)
Clark, Frank J.
Clifton, F. R. (2)
Cummings, J. (of Cum. & Harring.)
Caughey, C. J.
Conner & Shannon
D'Arrey, Wm.
Davis, C. L.
Denier, John
Dearin, Sam 3c.
Dillon, John (comedian)
Denier, Tony
Ducello, Dan
Dockstader, Chas
Dobson, Chas. E.
Donaldson, C. H. (vocalist)
Dashington, Wal-
Dow, T. H. (musician)
Darling, Harry (of Wallace Co.)
Dixie, R. G.
Duncan, Albert (Ventriloquist)
Davenport Bros. (acrobats)
Duncan, Chas. H.
Dillon, J. (late of Marshall, Tex.)
Doonan, O. D. (2)
Brown, Robt. (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Burke, Joseph
Burton & Gaylor (Irish "bits")
Bliss, Geo.
Brazier, L. P.
Burton, Clarance (banjoist)
Bogardus, Capt. A. H.
Banks, W. J. (of Howorth's Co.)
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Brazzier, G. R. (2)
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Darling, Harry (of Wallace Co.)
Dixie, R. G.
Duncan, Albert (Ventriloquist)
Davenport Bros. (acrobats)
Duncan, Chas. H.
Dillon, J. (late of Marshall, Tex.)
Doonan, O. D. (2)
Dodge, Ben
Diggens, R. S.
Daville & W. (manager)
Diamond, Harry
Emmett, J. K.
Eguerta, J. E.
Elerson, Frank
Edwars, C. (of Clark & Edwards)
Evans, Jack
Emerson, Billy
Forest, S. (of Forest & Wade)
Diamond, Harry
Emmett, J. K.
Eguerta, J. E.
Elerson, Frank
Edwars, C. (of Clark & Edwards)
Evans, Jack
Emerson, Billy
Forest, S. (of Forest & Wade)
Ferdinando, Mons.
Freise, A.
Filson, A. W.
Frayne, F. I.
Ferguson & Flynn
Frost, Hyatt
Foote, Wm. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Florentine, Mons.
Fuller, C. W.
Fisher, L. F.
Forepaugh, John (late of Philadel.)
Foste, J. (of Cooper & Bailey's Circus
Forepaugh, Adam
Farnum, Geo. W.
Fritz, Edwin 30c.
Madigan, E. H.
Myers, E. A. (mimic)
Nobles, Milton (2) (of The Nelsons)
O'Brien, John (circus-manager)
Oakes, S. (of Oakes Bros.)
O'Byrne, John I.
O'Keefe, Will (comedian)
Ogden, J.
Orrin Bros.
Oakes, S. (of Oakes Bros.)
Phillips, Harry
Plaisted, F. A.
Poole, T. R.
"Panorama"
Primrose, G. H.
Putnam, Jas. S. (manager)
Quinn, Eddie (musician (2)
Rogers, Frank (dram. author (2)
Roberts, Sir Randel
Richards, Chas.
Rogers, N. L.
Robbins, Burr (2)
Ronaldo, Harry L. (2)
Rankin, McKee
Ringold, S. T.
Riley, Jacob
Rice, H. E.
Robinson, O. S
Ronaldo, W. (of Ronaldo Bros.)
Reynolds, C. C.
Ripley & Reede
Rivers, Frank (contortionist)
Robinson, Jas. (leader)
Reede, J. (of Ripley & Reede)
Raymond, J. T.
Stevens, Wm. T.
Stevens, W. O'Dale
Shaw, W. H.
Slavin, J. H.
Stolts, M.
Sprague, Mr. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Spencer, J. S.
Sprague, Z. W.
Sellon & Burns (2)
Sheridan Bros.
Spencer, Chas. M.
Sommers, Gus (banjoist)
Saker, R. (of McAllister & Minst.)
Sullivan & Kearney
Swain, S. C.
Sheridan, Jane (2)
Stevens, B. D.
Snow Bros.
Sexton, Wm. J.
Schoolcraft & Coes
Spear, Andy (clown)
Sanyeah, Sam'l & Maude
Scobie, Geo. F.
Stanwood, Harry
Stow, Chas. (of Scott Bros.)
Sullivan, John (Irish "bit")
Sprague, D. J.
Saroney, Albert (comedian)
Sharpley, F. (of Sharpley Bros.)
Shrader, F. W. (agent)
Stoner, D. P.
Swonbourne, Charles (late of Rochester, N. Y.) 3c.
Stanhope, Mr. (theatrical manager)
Sells Bros. Circus, Manager
Stanwood, Ada
Sheehan & Jones
Treville, Walter
Turner, Sam
Tilley, C. A.
Thomas, D. S. (manager)
Taylor, D. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Turner, J. H. (of Mass.)
Texas Jack's Co., Manager
Tenbrook, J. H (old-man "bit")
Turner, Ned
Van Amburgh's Concert Privileges
Victorell, Henry
Vila, S.
Wyman, Alf & Lulu
Ward, C. W. (of Hilton Circus)
Williams, Edwards & Miles Bros.
Wood & Beasley
Weaver, J. Add
Webb & Samuells
Withers, Joe
Ward, W. (of Dup. & Sen. Minst.)
Wallack, J. H.
West, W. (of Haley & West)
Warhurst, Thos.
Wallack, Watty
Waldron, D. G. (manager)
Whitmarsh, J. C
Whiting, Chas. & Emma
Ward, C. W.
Zimmerman's Op. Co., "Sir" Manager

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Madison (Wis.) Post-office for Wyland Sweetland, Lee Benedict's Minstrels, and Ida Livingston.

THERE IS A LETTER in the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Post-office for the manager of Warner & Cotton's Minstrels

SAM MCFLYER and Chas. Wilson, of Sarye's Circus, and Crawford Hodge, of the Great London Circus, are notified that letters await their order in the New Orleans (La.) Post-office.

THERE WERE 31 letters in the Hornellsville (N. Y.) Post-office on Feb. 9 for Mrs. Lillie Wilkinson, of Wilkinson's Uncle Tom's Co.; J. W. Mack, manager of Jennie Hughes' Co.; Kitty Hughes, of Hughes' Dramatic Co.; and Chas. H. Dupree.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 10, '79.

Things theatrical were a little draggy last week, and business fluctuated from fair to middling and from bad to good, with a bias towards the latter, where the attractions offered merited our kind consideration. Just as the present is the season for revivals among our Christian friends, so it is with our managers, a number of old-time plays being revived with very encouraging results, while others are in course of preparation, "with gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers" to give them the proper scenic effect. What would we do in these wonder-working days without the aid of those valuable stage-adjuncts the scenic-artist and the machinist and carpenter? Without their assistance the works of the most popular playwright would lag superfluous on the stage. With their skill to back up the plot and dialogue, the veriest hodge-podge of the incipient dramatic mind can be made attractive and interesting. Where would the great Boucicault be without these important auxiliaries following in his wake? What would become of Joaquin Miller were he not borne up on the broad shoulders of the carpenter and painter? How long would Robertson and Gilbert and Byron have existed but for the beautiful manner in which their works are placed before the public? And the costumer is like unto them. Yea, without the rich garbs which our costumers now dress the poor players in, the characters impersonated would be very sorry figures when contrasted with the fine stage-settings of the play of this advanced age. And even the theatrical bill-printer plays an important part in bringing to public notice, through pictorial representations, the chief actors and most important scenes in the coming play. Thousands of dollars are annually garnered into the treasury of the theatre directly through the artistic and skillful designs and workmanship of the many-colored triumphs of the printer's art, as exhibited without money and without price upon the dead-walls and dead-er fences that meet the eye in every direction. We are promised a grand revival of "The Black Crook" on the same stage wherein it was originally presented in the Fall of 1866. Such scenic splendors as it developed, such mechanical effects as it introduced, and such an array of female loveliness and model artistic excellence as it unfolded, were never before seen upon the stage of this city, if, indeed, they had ever, as a combination, been presented anywhere. The numerous splendors and surprises, and the rich attire which met the eye in the progress of the spectacle, created a furor such as had never been known before. It set the city—aye, and the entire country—wild with excitement; and, night after night, week after week, month after month, and, we were about to say, year after year—for the run extended into the second year—was Niblo's crowded to its capacity. The play itself amounted to but little—it was the manner in which it was set and dressed that excited our wonder and admiration. Many of those who looked so lovely and danced and acted their parts so artistically in the early representations of "The Black Crook" have long since made their final exit from the stage of life—"stopped short, never to play again."..... According to Mr. Willhelmj's own statement—and, if it were not for his adding that final j to his name, we know of no reason why the gentleman's word should not be accepted as truth—according to his own statement, Mr. W. began the study of music at four years of age. Most children indulge in more or less vocal exercise at that age, but they do not usually make a study of music. Having taken us so far into his confidence, perhaps Mr. Willhelmj will not object to answering the appended little conundrum:

A QUESTION.

Ah, what a sharp young child he was,
Who loved his do, re, when but four;
His surely was no flat, because
Thus young he played in "Pinafore."
But tell us, Wilhelmj, since you've come
To be so very much the fashion,
Is there no Dora nowadays
To rouse your violins of passion?

.....It was very proper for dear Brother Beecher, after lecturing on "Amusements" in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Feb. 3, to walk across the street to the Broad-street Theatre, and quietly take in the closing scenes of "H. M. S. Pinafore," in the staid, Quaker company of "the aunts, the sisters, and the cousins." We are not surprised that the dear brother should express a desire to see more of this brilliant little opera. It may be right to mention that Brother B. did not find it necessary to secure the services of the police to pilot him safely through the portals of the Thespian temple.....Said one man to another as they took in the beauties of a burlesque troupe: "*That's* the manageress in the pink tights." "She must have a great deal on her mind," calmly remarked the other. "Well, yes, that's true," said the first fiend: "but she hasn't much on her body!".....There was a pigeon-show at the Aquarium last week, and, while it was interesting enough for the spectators, there wasn't much show for the pigeons. Think of a young lady pointing out a plump, full-breasted bird to her escort, and saying: "*That* pigeon would make a nice *pie, John!*"..... Anna Dickinson lectured on "The Stage" on the stage of the Fifth-avenue Theatre last Sunday evening.....In sowing elephant bulbs, dig deep, and leave plenty of room for the trunks to spread. We have known many an elephant to give out during the tenting season, merely because of the too close proximity of a corn-crop in its youthful days.....We overheard the following conversation between a live lord—Sylvester Montmorency by name—and J. Wentworth Delatour, Esq., who was showing the lord the sights of the city. It took place at Tony Pastor's Metropolitan Theatre. Said his lordship: "How long before the curtain goes up, and what time is it?" Pay particular attention to the smart reply of the gentlemanly Delatour: "*Five minutes to wait!*".....We unwillingly stated in last week's CLIPPER that the manager of the Folly Theatre, this city, had appeared in the duality of King Lear and Edgar, and did so at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. We should have said the Broadway Theatre. We make this correction in order that millions yet unborn may not be led astray while glancing over the files of THE CLIPPER one hundred years from now..... Now, wouldn't it be funny if Barrett's "A New Play" should turn out to be an old play? Why, the actor would scarcely be able to bear it..... Manager Fox of the American Theatre, Philadelphia, who has been missing for some time past, was uncovered at Willow Grove, some ten miles from that city, on Thursday morning, Feb. 6. "The 'orn of the 'unter was (not) heard on the 'ill," otherwise the cunning Fox would not have been caught. The pursuit of Charley Ross will now be prosecuted with vigor, it is thought, although the trail has been partially lost in the great Fox chase.....It would have been really sad if the tapir up at Central Park had died recently, which he came very near doing. It took a consultation of physicians to bring him through, and even this might have proved unavailing had not the patient submitted to a very strict course of diet. And touching this treatment, here are a few lines

THE TAPIR.

The tapir was afflicted
With a direful disease,
Which neither soothing syrup
Nor pills could appease.
And the only way they cured him
Of his sore distressing cough,
Was to whittle down his rations
To the bite in a mouth.

.....The Windsor that was sold in this city last week was not the variety theatre so named, but the Windsor Hotel.....The gay and festive revelers are making good use of the time between now and the 26th of February, when the season of Lent commences and the truly faithful and pious are supposed to eschew the frivolities of the world, and betake them to the closest kind of meditation and prayer. Several of the great yearly balls have already come to pass, and others will speedily follow. The Elks', which took place on the 6th, was, as usual, a jam-boree, and, as a social family gathering, eclipsed all former efforts.....Managers never lose their juvenility, but are always looking for someone to "play" with 'em!..... A lady, lecturing on "Politics," among other things said: "Parties in my youthful days," etc.; but she omitted to mention the administration under which the parties referred to existed.....It was announced throughout New Jersey last week that, on Feb. 7, special trains would take the State Senate to the State Lunatic Asylum. Whether they were to give an entertainment for the benefit of the inmates, or had gone wrong themselves, the papers failed to state. And some of them so young, too!.....Oracle Mack had a very good reason for canceling short engagements, she having made a life-engagement with a gentleman of Lafayette, Ind.....A Sometime Showman" is respectfully informed that Alaska is not a good show-town, to begin with; that the cost of taking a troupe there is also against the success of a traveling combination, and that there is never cold weather, and there makes the wearing of good, thick clothing a necessity. Ballet-dancers and burlesque-actresses, in such costumes as they wear here, would freeze to death up there. Better put your capital in a living skeleton and go South......"Pinafore" parties are cruising about in all directions, some moving along with every sail spread to the swelling breeze, and others anything but under way. So successful have some of these mariners proved that several crews have engaged to go three years before the mast, more or less, as the case may be. Some of them were green hands before they embarked on the "Pinafore;" but now they shiver one another's timbers and splice the main brace equal to any old salt. You never saw anything like it! "What! never?" Now, Jimmy, we've heard enough of that. Get thee to a cabooserry.....And while this little opera is carrying all before it, the Hessians, and Maplesons, and Strakosches are trimming their sails to catch whatever favoring winds may blow in their direction. Mapleson seems to have a little the best of Strakosch and Hess, but the expenses of the latter are so light in comparison with the others that it is probable the Hebrew may come out quite a round sum ahead, because "physicians were in vain."..... Abby Sage Richardson and her "Two Women" made quite a favorable impression in Chicago, and from there went on their way rejoicing. But Abby is not the only possessor of female companions, as witness the following tender lines in reference to *our* WOMEN:

We all know little Lotta—she's of fun the incarnation—
And now a Litta comes to view to gain our approbation.
Both darlings sing "like everything," each one in style excellent.
The names are very much alike, but not at all the ladies;
For Lotta kicks, and Litta don't—at least upon the stage—
(Yet prima donnas often "kick" behind the scenes with rage).
Fair Litta couldn't, if she would, toss up her little toes—
She's always very dignified, and never banjo cose.
The friends of *Litta rally* round whene'er she's billed to sing;
And *literally* overpower the musical young thing;
While Lotta's many devotees—she numbers millions here—
Would go a hundred miles to see her stand upon her ear.
We can't decide between the two—the ladies both are charming—
We'll bring this to a close, for we have symptoms most alarming.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Miss Anna Dickinson, in lecturing upon "The Stage" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre last night (9), had an audience among whom were John Gilbert, John Parselle, William R Floyd, Henry E. Abbey, Chandos Fulton, McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. W. Horace Lingard, Mrs. James Lewis, Miss Pearl Eytinge, the Misses Ada and Minnie Monk, Miss Ada Gilman, etc. The variety stage was represented by Ed. Harrigan, Tony Hart, William Gray and others.....The music, scenery, wardrobe, etc., of the Bijou "Pinafore" Company, as well as the receipts for that particular night at the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., were attached on the 8th inst. at the suit of Mary S. Booth, who claims $634 due from the Rice "Evangeline" Troupe for board at the Mansion House, that city, last Fall. The defense will be that Edward E. Rice and company were the boarders at the Mansion House, while in this particular troupe the only Rice interested is Charles C. Rice.....Signor Campobello sailed for Liverpool, Eng., on the 8th inst. .....It is estimated that in Italy there are 1,500 ordinary orchestras, comprising 30,000 performers to say nothing of 60,000 performers in military bands. The non-arrival here of Arthur Sullivan is explained by the alleged fact that, because of new engagements in Paris, the English composer has abandoned his American trip altogether.....In order to play a scene of Othello tremens on the French stage in the delirying inmates "L'Assommoir" it is said that Gil Naza the actor spent a fortnight in a lunatic asylum for the purpose of correction. This devotion to detail is credited to many other French actors, a notable case being that of Alphonsine, who, having been cast for a flower-woman in "L'Homme n'est pas Parfait," went to the Halles every morning at five o'clock to study the life and manners of the market-women.....Music and magic will combine at Steinway Hall on the night of Feb. 13, for the benefit of Russell S. Glover.....On night William Carnegie began his series of ballad concerts at Chickering Hall.....Edwin Booth has been investing in real-estate in Massachusetts.....A telegram from Paris, France, dated Feb. 9, announces the death of Nicolas Clairville, dramatic author.....Signor Agramonte is to direct the complimentary benefit tendered to Miss Lottie Pisaer prior to her departure for Europe. It will take place at Chickering Hall on Feb. 12.....It is stated that Mme. Rhea has contracted to join the Emma Abbott Troupe.....James L. Thayer of circus renown is at present in Pittsburg, Pa., vending a favorite remedy for catarrh.....On Friday evening, Feb. 14, the performers of the Theatre Comique will have a grand reception and ball at the Germania Assembly-rooms. The arrangement committee, among whom are the names of John Wild, William Gray, F. Ginfly, William Harrigan Sr., and Sam De Wolfe, has perfected a list of the ladies' patronesses. The success. Braham's orchestra will furnish the music..... The remaining chimpanzee at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden died on the 2d inst. It was a male, and supposed to be 24 years old.....The comic annual of the Era will be out on Dec. 28 last.....The Arions of this city hold their masquerade ball at Gilmore's Garden on Feb. 21, and the German Liederkranz theirs at the Academy of Music on Feb. 25.....D. D. Gesmill, manager of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, is confined to his bed by sciatica.

CITY SUMMARY.

ELIZABETH VON STAMWITZ is to commence an engagement in the Grand Opera-house Feb. 20, when will be produced, for the first time on any stage, a new drama in five acts by Joaquin Miller, entitled "Mexico." The scenery, costumes and appointments will be new, and the supporting cast will include the Misses Bertha Welby and Marian Fiske, Messrs. Harry Colton, R. C. White, H. Victor, Joseph Wilkes, Ben Maginley, W. H. Lytell, L. Barrett and D. Lacy.

MARY ANDERSON continued to attract large audiences last week. The new people included John Hart and A. C. Moreland, who were exceedingly droll in the sketches "Motor Bellows" and "Greenbriar's Troubles;" Queen and Bell, who gave a mixture of clever clog-dancing and acrobatism on pedestals; Virginia Ross in tastefully-rendered ballads; and Mollie Wilson, serio-comic; Fred and Charley Sharpley, musical instrumentalists; and the Morello Brothers, acrobats, who each secured their usual share of favor. The arrivals Feb. 10 include Fagan and Fenton, Favor and Shields, the Herbert Brothers, the Langlois Brothers, Baroney, Waters and Kelly, Raymond and Murphy, and Goldie, Steele, and Sallie St. Clair.

GEORGE EDGAR is to reappear in the Broadway Theatre Feb. 10, acting Othello, supported by Joseph Wheelock as Iago and Marie Gordon as Desdemona.

A CHANGE of bill was made at the Park Theatre Feb. 3, when the following pieces were presented, viz., "The Victims," cast thus: Joshua Butterby, John Owens; Mr. Merryweather, Frank Mordaunt; Herbert Fitzherbert, H. S. Duffield; Mr. Bowley, M. N. Haviland; Mr. Curdle, J. C. Padgee; Mr. Hornblower, John Mathews; Mr. Huddlemist, Sol Smith; Carfuffle, Wm. Cullington; Skimmer, J. H. Burnett; Mrs. Merryweather, Miss Sara Stevens; Mrs. Fitzherbert, Miss Mabel Jordan; Miss Crane, Miss Stuart; Satchell, Miss Susie Kirwan; Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. Seymour; Mary Bustle, Miss Lillie George; and "Solon Shingle," with the appended distribution: Solon Shingle, John E. Owens; Robert Howard, Frank Mordaunt; Hugh Winslow, J. C. Padgett; John Ellsley, Charles Otis (his clerks), H. S. Duffield, J. H. Burnett; Mr. Tripper, Mr. Timid (attorneys), John Mathews, Frank Connelly; Judge of the Court, Sol Smith; Clerk of the Court, M. N. Haviland; Mr. Thompson, Mr. Quirk (Sheriff's officers), Wm. Cullington, Chas. Jones; John, J. C. Elliott; Mrs. Ods, Mrs. Seymour; Grace, Miss Lillie George. Although the first-named comedy has been before the American public almost a quarter of a century, it still affords much healthy amusement, and especially when John E. Owens delineates in his highly natural and artistic manner the mirth-provoking peculiarities of the eccentric Butterby. Frank Mordaunt, who appeared by the courtesy of the management of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, gave a capital impersonation of Mr. Merryweather, and created a deal of laughter by the introduction of numerous well-timed and appropriate gags. H. S. Duffield indulged in an eccentric make-up as the poet Fitzherbert, and was quite successful in depicting the peculiarities of the character. Mr. Haviland discharged the slight duties required of him as Mr. Bowley, the Indian merchant, with careful attention. J. C. Padget presented a grotesque appearance as Curdle, a Scotch statistician, and his dialect was excellent. John Mathews invested Mr. Hornblower, an editor, with bluffness of manner and volatility of spirits. Sol Smith as Mr. Muddlemist presented a remarkably eccentric appearance so far as his head and face were concerned, which elicited a shout of laughter as he first came upon the stage—it was one of the best stage "make-ups" we remember ever having seen. Wm. Cullington's Carfuffle, a butler, was excellent; and J. H. Burnett added to the importance of Skimmer, a footman, by giving marked individuality of character. Miss Sara Stevens' Mrs. Merryweather was an even and thoroughly enjoyable impersonation; Miss Mabel Jordan depicted some phases of the character of Mrs. Fitzherbert admirably, but at times was a little overweighted; Miss Mary Stuart as the strong-minded woman, Miss Crane, was perhaps both appreciative and correctly realised the ideal. Although only seen at long intervals upon the stage, she had hitherto achieved no little success in the portrayal of eccentric roles, and her reputation has been increased by the present performance. The little required of the others was satisfactorily performed. Mr. Owens achieved his usual success as Solon Shingle in the afterpiece, and the support was considerable. The attendance fluctuated from fair to good.

OWING TO ILLNESS, George Edgar acted King Lear for the last time in the Broadway Theatre Feb. 4. At the matinee 5 and during the rest of the week "Enoch Arden," which had been first reproduced here (no matinee having been given Jan. 29), held possession of the stage. The version used was that formerly belonging to the late Edwin Adams, and the title-role, in which he personating the hero, wore the costumes and professional properties of the deceased actor. The cast was as under:

Enoch Arden	J. Wheelock
Philip Ray	O. H. Barr
Stephen Rogers	E. M. Day
Captain Sterling	W. H. Collins
Peter Lane	M. B. Curtis
Mayor	Mr. Chase
Postmaster	J. T. Swinburne
Walter Arden	Victie Carris Wellman

Sailors, Messrs. Davean and Quinn
Villagers, Messrs. Dagez and Lyon
Annie Leigh, Laura Wallace
Miriam Lane, Miss J. L. Carhart
Esther Arden, Minnie Wellman
Old Maid, Lillie Westbrook

Mr. Wheelock's impersonation of Enoch Arden in voice, appearance and action was admirable. He portrayed with much delicacy of feeling his love and fondness for his wife; depicted faithfully the changes which nature ordained during his long imprisonment upon the desolate island in the Pacific Ocean; and in exemplifying the spirit of self-sacrifice which permeates the last act of the drama his pathetic acting touched the hearts of his audience. The general enthusiasm of the circulated the previous year having been put forth. A large number of professional ladies and gentlemen were present, and nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the occasion. The receipts were a little more than $3,000, which will yield a profit of nearly $1,000 to the Order.

H. M. PITT and A. M. HUNTLEY, well known in the variety profession, have opened a dining-room at 78 East Ninth street. They offer a welcome to their friends and the public at their well-appointed restaurant, and announce that they will fulfill their professional engagements as formerly.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN large audiences last week witnessed a varied entertainment, embracing as novel items Stella Wood, Wallace Sisters, Johnny, Lottie and Clarence Burton's songs, dances and banjo solos and duets, the Carleton Sisters' change-vocalism, Tom and Maud Morrissey's Irish sketches, Joe Mack's drum and bone solos, Emma Hoffman's ballads, Dick Rowe's contortionism, and the Perry Brothers' songs-and-dances. The new arrivals Feb. 10 include the Loders, Jacob Reiley, Lou Howard, Grimaldi Zeltner, P. C. Foy, Johnny Mackin, James Messenger, Georgie Kane, Victor Julian and the Landis Bros.

THE TIVOLI THEATRE earned a liberal share of patronage last week, the novel features including the dashing serio-comic songs of Polly Daily, the daily-expected songs-and-dances of Estella Wellington, the acrobatic and clever musical specialties of the Boissets, the feats of strength of Mlle. Realta, and the musical interlude entitled "Muddled and Mixed," in which John Pendy and Miss Joffreys Warner displayed their proficiency in vocalism and the saltatorial art to advantage. El Nino Eddie, Reynolds and Walling, Georgina Smithson and James Holloway appear Feb. 10.

THE LONDON was well attended last week, although the programme was not greatly altered from that noticed in our last issue, Happy Cal Wagner's Minstrels giving a new first-part, and in the olio May Vernon in serio-comic songs, Emile Ames in his sketch "A Doctor's Troubles," and Pauline Ames in songs-and-dances were the novel attractions. Emerson, Clark and the Daly Brothers, John F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan, Larry Tooley, Young Hercules and the Grinnells open Feb. 10.

FRED PAULDING, a great grandson of Commodore Paulding, a relative of Washington Irving and of Henry Irving the English tragedian, is to make his debut at the Lyceum Feb. 17, in "The Fool's Revenge," under the management of A. Appleton, formerly treasurer and business-manager of the Fifth-avenue Theatre. The company will include, among others, Frank Mordaunt, F. R. Pierce, Nelson Decker, H. S. Duffield, Ogden Stephens, Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, the Misses Laura Don, Constance Hamblin and Grace Logan.

PRESENTATION.—At the Elks Ball in the Academy of Music Feb. 6 Brother H. T. Dyring of Tony Pastor's Theatre, who furnished the music, was presented by Henry Distin with an elegant gold-mounted baton, handsomely chased, and with a vine of silver entwining the whole length of the stick, there being an gold lyre in the centre and an inscription reading: "From Henry Distin to his friend H. T. Dyring."

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN "H. M. S. Pinafore" is to be performed this week, preceded by "Winning a Widow" ("A Morning Call"). In the opera, Sol Smith, H. R. Humphries, L. Digby, Harry Chapman, A. D. Barker, Miss Lesitta Eliani, Mrs. Grace Clare, and Miss Emma Mettler are to appear.

TROUBLE ABOUT "PINAFORE."—James C. Duff obtained from Judge Donahue, in the Supreme Court, this morning (Feb. 10), an injunction restraining Henri Laurent, an actor, from carrying out his agreement to take part in "H. M. S. Pinafore," announced for to-night in the Fifth-avenue Theatre, or from aiding and assisting in the presentation of it. The plaintiff claims that he has a lien upon the services of the defendant under an unfilled engagement.

ROSLIN HOWARD has been confined to his residence in this city for the past two weeks by illness.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK FRAYNE and Little Clara Frayne, acting in "Si Slocum," who were the star attractions in Niblo's Garden last week, succeeded in drawing a succession of good-sized audiences. The remarkable rifle-shooting of Mr. and Mrs. Frayne is a potent feature, and since they were last seen in this city Mr. Frayne has introduced a new feat, entitled "The Double Shot," which is worthy of detailed description. Upon the proscenium at the stage left is affixed an iron target to stop the progress of the bullets discharged, which had been of service in their other feats. Upon the right of the stage is an iron stand (similar to a music-stand), upon which Mr. Frayne fastened a rifle in such a position that when it should be discharged the bullet would pierce an apple suspended in front of the iron target above mentioned. Charles Sturges, who played a Dutchman, Julius Krantz, was seated upon a stool in front of the iron stand, and an apple was placed upon the top of his felt hat, on his head. Mr. Frayne then stood in front of the iron target directly under the suspended apple, and discharged his rifle. The bullet passed through the apple on Mr. Sturges' head, struck some machinery which caused the discharge of the other rifle, and the bullet from that shattered the apple hanging over Mr. Frayne's head. This feat so successfully accomplished elicited loud and long continued applause. Among the other features, the highly sagacious Indian Broncho Hackberry and the wonderfully-trained dog Jack, who seems to enjoy his share in the performances quite as much as the spectators, were prominent. Little Clara, said to be only three and a half years of age, who has replaced her brother in the combination, is quite precocious in acting, and displays rare skill in rifle-shooting for one of her tender years. The Indian merchant, with careful attention. J. C. Padget presented a grotesque appearance as Curdle, a Scotch statistician, and his dialect was excellent. John Mathews invested Mr. Hornblower, an editor, with bluffness of manner and volatility of spirits. Sol Smith as Mr. Muddlemist presented a remarkably eccentric appearance so far as his head and face were concerned, which elicited a shout of laughter as he first came upon the stage—it was one of the best stage "make-ups" we remember ever having seen. Wm. Cullington's Carfuffle, a butler, was excellent; and J. H. Burnett added to the importance of Skimmer, a footman, by giving marked individuality of character. Miss Sara Stevens' Mrs. Merryweather was an even and thoroughly enjoyable impersonation; Miss Mabel Jordan depicted some phases of the character of Mrs. Fitzherbert admirably, but at times was a little overweighted; Miss Mary Stuart as the strong-minded woman, Miss Crane, was perhaps both appreciative and correctly realised the ideal. Although only seen at long intervals upon the stage, she had hitherto achieved no little success in the portrayal of eccentric roles, and her reputation has been increased by the present performance. The little required of the others was satisfactorily performed. Mr. Owens achieved his usual success as Solon Shingle in the afterpiece, and the support was considerable.

THEATRICAL AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., up to Feb. 9 are thus reported by our correspondent:

The greeting accorded Charles Barron as he made his reappearance in his native city at the Globe Theatre 3 was of the warmest and heartiest description. The entire evening the audience were lavish in their applause, calling him before the curtain at the close of each act in which he appeared, and demanding and receiving a few words of thanks at the end of the drama. Edwin Byrne's version of "A Celebrated Case" was the play, and his acting of Jean Renaud, the character so completely identified with him in Boston, was, if possible, an improvement over his praiseworthy portrayal of a year ago. He was ably supported all the time, a few shortcomings being noticeable the first night, which were removed at subsequent repetitions. Zoe Tuttle gave a remarkable performance of the child Adrienne, being excellent in voice, expression and action. Kate Meek was the Madeline of the prologue and the Adrienne of the play; the first was melodramatic to a degree, the latter quite successful. Emmie Willmot's Valentine was the best seen in Boston, and Madame Jean C. Michels as the Chanoinesse was warm-hearted and even brilliant. It is so many years since this lady appeared in our midst she was looked upon as a stranger; but she proved to us very sweet in person's powers,

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

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TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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